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VOL. IV.

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NEW-YORK,

PUBLISHED BY G. SMITH.

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ODES OF ANACREON.

TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

SIR,

In allowing me to dedicate this Work to your Royal Highness, you have conferred upon me an honour which I feel very sensibly: and I have only to regret, that the pages which you have thus distinguished, are not more deserving of such illustrious patronage.

Believe me, Sir,

With every sentiment of respect,

Your Royal Highness's

Very grateful and devoted Servant

THOMAS MOORE.

34X460

ADVERTISEMENT.

It may be necessary to mention, that in arranging the Odes, the Translator has adopted the order of the Vatican MS. For those who wish to refer to the original, he has prefixed an Index, which marks the number of each Ode in Barnes and the other editions.

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AN ODE

BY THE TRANSLATOR.

ΕΠΙ ῥοδίνοις ταπησι
Τηΐος ποτ' ὁ μελισης
Ἴλαρος γελων εκειτο,
Μεθυων τε και λυριζων·
Αμφι αυτον ὁι δ' ερωτες
Απαλοι συνεχορευσαν·
Ὁ βελη τα της Κυθηρης
Εποιει, ψυχης οισης·
Ο δε λευκα πορφυρεισα
Κρινα συν ῥοδοισι πλεξας,
Εφιλει σεφων γεροντα·
Ἡ δε θεαων ανασσα,
ΣΟΦΙΗ ποτ' εξ Ολυμπυ
Εσορασ' Ανακρεοντα,
Εσορασα τυς ερωτας,
Ὑπομειδιασσας ειπε·
Σοφε, δ' ὡς Ανακρεοντα
Τον σοφωτατον απαντων,
Καλευσιν ὁι σοφιςαι,
Τι, γεραων, τεον βιον μεν
Τοις ερασι, τω Λυαιω,
Κ' υκ εμοι κρατειν εδωκας;
Τι φιλημα της Κυφηρης,
Τι κυπελλα τυ Λυαιυ,

Αιει γ' ετρυφησας αδων,
Ουκ' εμας νομας διδασκων,
Ουκ εμον λαχων αωτον;
Ὁ δε Τηιος μελισης
Μητε δυσχεραινε, φησι,
Ὅτι, θεα, συ γ' αγευ μεν,
Ὁ σοφωτατος απαντων
Παρα των σοφων καλυμαι·
Φιλεω πιω, λυριζω,
Μετα των καλων γυναικων·
Αφελως δε τερπνα παιζω,
Ως λυρη γαρ, εμον ητορ
Αναπνει μονας ερωτας·
Ὡδε βιοτα γαληνην
Φιλεων μαλιςα παντων,
Ου σοφος μελωδος ειμι;
Τις σοφωτερος μεν εςι;

REMARKS

ON

ANACREON.

RE is very little known with certainty of
ife of Anacreon. Chamæleon Hera-
es,* who wrote upon the subject, has
lost in the general wreck of ancient
ture. The editors of the poet have col-
l the few trifling anecdotes, which are
red though the extant authors of anti-
and supplying the deficiency of materials
tions of their own imagination, they have
ged, what they call, a life of Anacreon.
specious fabrications are intended to
e that interest which we naturally feel
biography of illustrious men; but it
ner a dangerous kind of illusion, as it
nds the limits of history and romance,†

is quoted by Athenæus ιν τω περι τυ Ανακρε-

e History of Anacreon, by Monsieur Gacon (le
ans fard,) is professedly a romance; nor does
oiselle Scuderi, from whom he borrowed the
retend to historical veracity in her account
creon and Sappho. These, then, are allowable.

and is too often supported by unfaithful citation.*

Our poet was born in the city of Téos, in the delicious region of Ionia, where every thing respired voluptuousness.† The time of his birth appears to have been in the sixth century before Christ,‡ and he flourished at that remarkable period, when, under the polished tyrants Hipparchus and Polycrates, Athens and Samos were the rival asylums of genius. The name of his father is doubtful, and therefore cannot be very interesting. His family was perhaps illustrious; but those who discover in Plato that he was a descendant of the monarch Codrus, exhibit, as usual, more zeal than accuracy.§

But how can Barnes be forgiven, who, with all the confidence of a biographer, traces every wandering of the poet, and settles him in his old age at a country villa near Téos?

* The learned Monsieur Bayle has detected some infidelities of quotation in Le Fevre. See Dictionnaire Historique, etc. Madame Dacier is not more accurate than her father: they have almost made Anacreon prime minister to the monarch of Samos.

† The Asiatics were as remarkable for genius as for luxury. "Ingenia Asiatica inclyta per gentes fecêre Poetæ, Anacreon, inde Mimnermus et Antimachus, etc." Solinus.

‡ I have not attempted to define the particular Olympiad, but have adopted the idea of Bayle, who says, "Je n'ai point marqué d'Olympiade; car pour un homme qui a vécu 85 ans, il me semble que l'on ne doit point s'enfermer dans de bornes si étroites."

§ This mistake is founded on a false interpretation of a very obvious passage in Plato's Dialogue on

The disposition and talents of Anacreon recommended him to the monarch of Samos, and he was formed to be the friend of such a prince as Polycrates. Susceptible only to the pleasures, he felt not the corruptions of the court; and while Pythagoras fled from the tyrant, Anacreon was celebrating his praises on the lyre. We are told too by Maximus Tyrius, that by the influence of his amatory songs he softened the mind of Polycrates into a spirit of benevolence towards his subjects.*

The amours of the poet and the rivalship of the tyrant,† I shall pass over in silence; and there are few, I presume, who will regret the omission of most of those anecdotes, which the industry of some editors has not only promulged, but discussed. Whatever is repugnant to modesty and virtue is considered in

Temperance; it originated with Madame Dacier, and has been received implicitly by many. Gail, a late editor of Anacreon, seems to claim to himself the merit of detecting this error; but Bayle had observed it before him.

* Ανακρεων Σαμιοις Πολυκρατην ἠμειρατο Maxim. Tyr. §21. Maximus Tyrius mentions this among other instances of the influence of poetry. If Gail had read Maximus Tyrius, how could he ridicule this idea in Moutonnet, as unauthenticated?

† In the romance of Cleli, the anecdote to which I allude is told of a young girl, with whom Anacreon fell in love while she personated the god Apollo in a mask. But here Mademoiselle Scuderi consulted nature more than truth.

ethical science, by a supposition very fa
able to humanity, as impossible; and this a
ble persuasion should be much more str
entertained, where the transgression wars
nature as well as virtue. But why are w
allowed to indulge in the presumption?
are we officiously reminded that there
been such instances of depravity?

Hipparchus, who now maintained at At
the power which his father Pisistratus
usurped, was one of those elegant princes
have polished the fetters of their subj
He was the first, according to Plato, who
ed the poems of Homer, and commanded
to be sung by the rhapsodists at the cele
tion of the Panathenæa. As his court wa
galaxy of genius, Anacreon should not be
sent. Hipparchus sent a barge for him;
poet embraced the invitation, and the m
and the loves were wafted with him to Athe

The manner of Anacreon's death was
gular. We are told that in the eighty-
year of his age he was choked by a gr
stone;† and however we may smile at

* There is a very interesting French poem fou
upon this anecdote, imputed to Desyvetaux, and c
"Anacreon Citoyen."

† Fabricus appears not to trust very implici
this story. "Uvæ passæ acino tandem suffocat
credimus Suidæ in ὀσυφρησις; alii enim hoc n
genere periisse tradunt Sophoclem." Fabricii
liothec. Græc. lib. ii. cap. 15. It must be cons

enthusiastic partiality, who pretend that it was a peculiar indulgence of Heaven which stole him from the world by this easy and characteristic death, we cannot help admiring that his fate should be so emblematic of his disposition. Cælius Calcagninus alludes to this catastrophe in the following epitaph on our poet:

Then,* hallow'd sage, those lips which pour'd
along
The sweetest lapses of the cygnet's song,
A grape has clos'd for ever!
Here let the ivy kiss the poet's tomb,
Here let the rose he lov'd with laurels bloom,
In bands that ne'er shall sever!

that Lucian, who tells that Sophocles was choked by a grape-stone, in the very same treatise mentions the longevity of Anacreon, and yet is silent on the manner of his death. Could he have been ignorant of such a remarkable coincidence, or, knowing, could he have neglected to remark it? See Regnier's Introduction to his Anacreon.

* At te, sancte senex, acinus sub tartara misit;
Cygneæ clausit qui tibi vocis iter.
Vos, hederæ, tumulum. tumulum vos cignite lauri
Hoc rosa perpetuo vernet odora loco;
At vitis procul hinc, procul hinc odiosa facessat,
Quæ causam diræ protulit, uva, necis,
Creditur ipse minus vitem jam Bacchus amare,
In vatem tantum quæ fuit ausa nefas.

Cælius Calcagninus has translated or imitated the epigrams εἰς τὴν Μυῤῥινοῦς βύρ, which are given under the name of Anacreon.

But far be thou, oh! far, unholy vine,
By whom the favourite minstrel of the Nine
Expir'd his rosy breath;
Thy God himself now blushes to confess,
Unholy vine! he feels he loves thee less,
Since poor Anacreon's death!

There can scarcely be imagined a mor
lightful theme for the warmest speculatio
fancy to wanton upon, than the idea of a
tercourse between Anacreon and Sapph
could wish to believe that they were cote
rary: any thought of an interchange bet
hearts so congenial in warmth of passion
delicacy of genius, gives such play to the
gination, that the mind loves to indulge i
but the vision dissolves before historical tr
and Chamæleon and Hermesianax, who ar
source of the supposition, are considere
having merely indulged in a poetical
chronism.*

To infer the moral dispositions of a

* Barnes is convinced of the synchronism of
creon and Sappho but very gratuitously. In citi
authorities, it is strange that he neglected the
which Fulvius Ursinus has quoted, as of Anac
among the testimonies to Sappho:

Ειμι λαβων ποτ' αρας Σαπφω παρθενον αἰ υφων

Fabricus thinks that they might have been cote
rary, but considers their amour as a tale of ima
tion. Vossius rejects the idea entirely; as also
Borrichius, etc. etc.

from the tone and sentiment which pervades his works, is sometimes a very fallacious analogy: but the soul of Anacreon speaks so unequivocally through his odes, that we may consult them as the faithful mirror of his heart.* We find him there the elegant voluptuary, diffusing the seductive charm of sentiment over passions and propensities at which rigid morality must frown. His heart, devoted to indolence, seems to think that there is wealth enough in happiness, but seldom happiness enough in wealth; and the cheerfulness with which he brightens his old age is interest-

* An Italian poet, in some verses on Belleau's translation of Anacreon, pretends to imagine that our bard did not feel as he wrote.

Lyæum, Venerem, Cupidinemque
Senex lucit Anacreon poeta.
Sed quo tempore nec capaciores
Rogabat cyathos, nec inquietis
Urebatur amoribus, sed ipsis
Tantum versibus et jocis amabat,
Nullum præ se habitum gerens amantis.

To Love and Bacchus ever young,
  While sage Anacreon touch'd the lyre,
He neither felt the loves he sung,
  Nor fill'd his bowl to Bacchus higher.
Those flowery days had faded long,
  When youth could act the lover's part;
And passion trembled in his song,
  But never, never, reach'd his heart.

ing and endearing: like his own rose, fragrant even in decay. But the most p liar feature of his mind is that love of si city, which he attributes to himself so feelingly, and which breathes characteris ly through all that he has sung. In tru we omit those vices in the estimate w ethnic religion not only connived at, but secrated, we shall say that the dispos of our poet was amiable; his morality wa laxed, but not abandoned; and Virtue, her zone loosened, may be an emblem o character of Anacreon.*

Of his person and physiognomy time preserved such uncertain memorials, that

* Anacreon's character has been variously colo Barnes lingers on it with enthusiastic admiratio he is always extravagant, if not sometimes even fane. Monsieur Baillet, who is in the opposit treme, exaggerates too much the testimonies v he has consulted; and we cannot surely agree him when he cites such a compiler as Athenæ "un des plus savans critiques de l'antiquité." J ment des Sçavans, M.CV.

Barnes could not have read the passage to w he refers, when he accuses Le Fevre of having sured our poet's character in a note on Longi the note in question is manifest irony, in allusi some reprehension which Le Fevre had suffere his Anacreon; and it is evident that praise r than censure is intimated. See Johannes Vulpi Utilitate Poëtices, who vindicates our poet's re tion.

haps it were better to leave the pencil to fancy; and few can read the Odes of Anacreon without imagining the form of the animated old bard, crowned with roses, and singing to the lyre.*

After the very enthusiastic eulogiums bestowed by the ancients and moderns upon the poems of Anacreon,† we need not be diffident

* Johannes Faber, in his description of the coin of Ursinus, mentions a head on a very beautiful carnelian, which he supposes was worn in a ring by some admirer of the poet. In the Iconographia of Canini there is a youthful head of Anacreon from a Grecian medal, with the letters ΤΕΙΟΣ around it; on the reverse there is a Neptune, holding a spear in his right hand, and a dolphin in the left, with the word ΤΙΑΝΩΝ, inscribed, "volendoci denotare (says Canini) che quelle cittadini la coniassero in honore del suo compatriota poeta." There is also among the coins of De Wilde, one which, though it bears no effigy, was probably struck to the memory of Anacreon. It has the word ΤΗΙΩΝ, encircled with an ivy crown. "At quidni respicit hæc corona Anacreontem, nobilem lyricum?" De Wilde.

† Besides those which are extant, he wrote hymns, elegies, epigrams, etc. Some of the epigrams still exist. Horace alludes to a poem of his upon the rivalry of Circe and Penelope in the affections of Ulysses, lib. i. od. 17. The scholiast upon Nicander cites a fragment from a poem upon sleep by Anacreon, and attributes to him likewise a medicinal treatise. Fulgentius mentions a work of his upon the war between Jupiter and the Titans, and the origin of the consecration of the eagle.

in expressing our raptures at their beauty, nor hesitate to pronounce them the most polished remains of antiquity.* They are all beauty, all enchantment.† He steals us so insensibly along with him, that we sympathize even in his excesses. In his amatory odes there is a

* See Horace, Maximus Tyrius, etc. "His style (says Scaliger) is sweeter than the juice of the Indian reed." Poëtices, lib. i. cap. 44. "From the softness of his verses (says Olaus Borrichius) the ancients bestowed on him the epithets sweet, delicate, graceful, etc." Dissertationes Academicæ, de Poetis, diss. 2. Scaliger again praises him in a pun; speaking of the μελος, or ode, "Anacreon autem non solum dedit hæc μελη sed etiam in ipsis mella." See the passage of Rapin, quoted by all the editors. I cannot omit citing the following very spirited apostrophe of the author of the Commentary prefixed to the Parma edition: "O vos sublimes animæ, vos Apollinis alumni, qui post unum Alcmanem in totâ Hellade lyricam poesim exsuscitastis, coluistis, amplificastis, quæso vos an ullus unquam fuerit vates qui Teio cantori vel naturæ candore vel metri suavitate palmam præripuerit." See likewise Vincenzo Gravini della Rag. Poetic. libro primo, p. 97. Among the Ritratti del Cavalier Marino, there is one of Anacreon beginning Cingetemi la fronte, etc. etc.

† "We may perceive," says Vossius, "that the iteration of his words conduces very much to the sweetness of his style." Henry Stephen remarks the same beauty in a note on the forty-fourth ode. This figure of iteration is his most appropriate grace. The modern writers of Juvenilia and Basia have adopted it to an excess which destroys the effect.

delicacy of compliment not to be found in any other ancient poet. Love at that period was rather an unrefined emotion; and the intercourse of the sexes was animated more by passion than sentiment. They knew not those little tendernesses which form the spiritual part of affection; their expression of feeling was therefore rude and unvaried, and the poetry of love deprived of its most captivating graces. Anacreon, however, attained some ideas of this gallantry; and the same delicacy of mind which led him to this refinement, prevented him from yielding to the freedom of language which has sullied the pages of all the other poets. His descriptions are warm; but the warmth is in the ideas, not the words. He is sportive without being wanton, and ardent without being licentious. His poetic invention is most brilliantly displayed in those allegorical fictions which so many have endeavoured to imitate, because all have confessed them to be inimitable. Simplicity is the distinguishing feature of these odes, and they interest by their innocence, while they fascinate by their beauty; they are, indeed, the infants of the Muses, and may be said to lisp in numbers.

I shall not be accused of enthusiastic partiality by those who have read and felt the original; but to others I am conscious that this should not be the language of a translator, whose faint reflection of these beauties can but little justify his admiration of them.

In the age of Anacreon music and poetry were inseparable. These kindred talents were for a long time associated, and the poet always sung his own compositions to the lyre. It is probable that they were not set to any regular air, but rather a kind of musical recitation, which was varied according to the fancy and feelings of the moment.* The poems of Anacreon were sung at banquets as late as the time of Aulus Gellius, who tells us that he heard one of the odes performed at a birth-day entertainment.†

The singular beauty of our poet's style, and perhaps the careless facility with which he appears to have trifled, have induced, as I reremarked, a number of imitations. Some have succeeded with wonderful felicity, as may be discerned in the few odes which are attributed to writers of a later period. But none of his emulators have been so dangerous

* In the Paris edition there are four of the original odes set to music, by citizens Le Sueur, Gossec, Mehul, and Cherubini. "On chante du Latin et de l'Italien," says Gail, "quelquefois même sans les entendre; qui empêche que nous ne chantions des odes Grecques." The chromatic learning of these composers is very unlike what we are told of the simple melody of the ancients; and they have all mistaken the accentuation of the words.

† The Parma commentator is rather careless in referring to this passage of Aulus Gellius (lib. xix cap. 9.) The ode was not sung by the rhetorician Julianus, as he says, but by the minstrels of both sexes, who were introduced at the entertainment.

to his fame as those Greek ecclesiastics of the early ages, who, conscious of inferiority to their prototypes, determined on removing the possibility of comparison, and, under a semblance of moral zeal, destroyed the most exquisite treasures of antiquity.* Sappho and Alcæus were among the victims of this violation; and the sweetest flowers of Grecian literature fell beneath the rude hand of ecclesiastical presumption. It is true they pretended that this sacrifice of genius was canonized by the interests of religion; but I have already assigned the most probable motive;† and if Gregorius Nazianzenus had not written Anacreontics, we might now perhaps have the works of the Teian bard unmutilated, and be empowered to say exultingly, with Horace,

> Nec si quid olim lusit Anacreon
> Delevit ætas

The zeal by which these bishops professed to be actuated, gave birth more innocently, in-

* See what Colomesius, in his "Literary Treasures," has quoted from Alcyonius de Exilio; it may be found in Baxter. Colomesius, after citing the passage, adds, "Hæc auro contra cara non potui non apponere."

† We may perceive by the beginning of the first hymn of Bishop Synesius, that he made Anacreon and Sappho his models of composition.

> Αγε μοι λιγεια φορμιγξ
> Μετα Τηιαν αοιδαν,
> Μετα Λεσβιαν τε μολπαν.

Margunius and Damascenus were likewise authors of pious Anacreontics.

deed, to an absurd species of parody, as repugnant to piety as it is to taste, where the poet of voluptuousness was made a preacher of the gospel, and his muse, like the Venus in armour at Lacedæmon, was arrayed in all the severities of priestly instruction. Such was the "Anacreon Recantatus," by Carolus de Aquino, a Jesuit, published 1701, which consisted of a series of palinodes to the several songs of our poet. Such too was the Christian Anacreon of Patrignanus, another Jesuit,* who preposterously transferred to a most sacred subject all that Anacreon had sung to festivity.

His metre has been very frequently adopted by the modern Latin poets. Scaliger, Taubmannus, Barthius,† and others, have evinced, that it is by no means uncongenial with that language.‡ The Anacreontics of Scaliger,

* This, perhaps, is the "Jesuita quidam Græculus" alluded to by Barnes, who has himself composed an Ανακρεων Χριστιανος, as absurd as the rest, but somewhat more skilfully executed.

† I have seen somewhere an account of the MSS. of Barthius, written just after his death, which mentions many more Anacreontics of his than I believe have ever been published.

‡ Thus too Albertus, a Danish poet:

Fidii tui minister
Gaudebo semper esse
Gaudebo semper illi
Litare thure mulso;
Gaudebo semper illum

however, scarcely deserve the name; they are glittering with conceits, and, though often elegant, are always laboured. The beautiful fictions of Angerianus* have preserved more happily than any the delicate turn of those allegorical fables, which, frequently passing through the mediums of version and imitation, have generally lost their finest rays in the transmission. Many of the Italian poets have sported on the subjects, and in the manner of Anacreon. Bernardo Tasso first introduced the metre, which was afterwards polished and enriched by Chabriera and others.† If we may judge by the references of Degen, the the German language abounds in Anacreontic imitations: and Hagedorn‡ is one among many who have assumed him as a model. La Farre, Chaulier, and the other light poets of France, have professed too to cultivate the muse of Téos; but they have attained all her negligence with little of the grace that embel-

Laudare pumilillis
Anacreonticillis.

See the Danish Poets collected by Rostgaard.

These pretty littlenesses defy translation. There is a very beautiful Anacreontic by Hugo Grotius. See Lib. i. Farraginis.

* From Angerianus, Prior has taken his most elegant mythological subjects.

† See Crescimbeni, Historia della Volg. Poes.

‡ L'amiable Hagedorn vaut quelquefois Anacreon. Dorat, Idée de Poësie Allemande.

lishes it. In the delicate bard of Schiras* we find the kindred spirit of Anacreon: some of his gazelles, or songs, possess all the character of our poet.

We come now to a retrospect of the editions of Anacreon. To Henry Stephen we are indebted for having first recovered his remains from the obscurity in which they had reposed for so many ages. He found the seventh ode, as we are told, on the cover of an old book, and communicated it to Victorious, who mentions the circumstance in his "Various Readings." Stephen was then very young; and this discovery was considered by some critics of that day as a literary imposition.† In 1554, however, he gave Anacreon to the world,‡ ac-

* See Toderini on the learning of the Turks, as translated by De Cournard. Prince Cantemir has made the Russians acquainted with Anacreon. See his Life, prefixed to a translation of his Satires, by the Abbé de Guasco.

† Robertellus, in his work "De Ratione corrigendi," pronounces these verses to be the triflings of some insipid Græcist.

‡ Ronsard commemorates this event:

Je vay boire à Henri Etienne
Qui des enfers nous a rendu,
Du vieil Anacreon perdu,
La douce lyre Teïenne. Ode xv. book 5.

I fill the bowl to Stephen's name,
Who rescu'd from the gloom of night
The Teian bard of festive fame,
And brought his living lyre to light,

companied with annotations and a Latin version of the greater part of the odes. The learned still hesitated to receive them as the relics of the Teian bard, and suspected them to be the fabrication of some monks of the sixteenth century. This was an idea from which the classic muse recoiled; and the Vatican manuscript, consulted by Scaliger and Salmasius, confirmed the antiquity of most of the poems. A very inaccurate copy of this MS. was taken by Isaac Vossius, and this is the authority which Barnes has followed in his collation; accordingly he misrepresents almost as often as he quotes; and the subsequent editors, relying upon him, have spoken of the manuscript with not less confidence than ignorance. The literary world has at length been gratified with this curious memorial of the poet, by the industry of the Abbé Spaletti, who, in 1781, published at Rome a fac-simile of the pages of the Vatican manuscript, which contained the odes of Anacreon.*

Monsieur Gail has given a catalogue of all the editions and translations of Anacreon. I find their number to be much greater than I could possibly have had an opportunity of consulting. I shall therefore content myself with

* This manuscript, which Spaletti thinks as old as the tenth century, was brought from the Palatine into the Vatican library; it is a kind of anthology of Greek epigrams: and in the 676th page of it are found the ημιαμβια συμποσιακα of Anacreon.

enumerating those editions only which I have been able to collect; they are very few, but I believe they are the most important.

The edition by Henry Stephen, 1554, at Paris—the Latin version is by Colomesius attributed to John Dorat.*

The old French translations, by Ronsard and Belleau—the former published in 1555, the latter in 1556. It appears that Henry Stephen communicated his manuscript of Anacreon to Ronsard before he published it, by a note of Muretus upon one of the sonnets of that poet.†

The edition by Le Fevre, 1660.

The edition by Madame Dacier, 1681, with a prose translation.‡

The edition by Longepierre, 1684, with a translation in verse.

The edition by Baxter; London, 1695.

A French translation by La Fosse, 1704.

* "Le même (M. Vossius) m'a dit qu'il avait possédé un Anacréon, où Scaliger avait marqué de sa main, qu'Henri Etienne n'était pas l'auteur de la version Latine des odes de ce poëte, mais Jean Dorat." Paulus Colomesius, Particularités.

Colomesius, however, seems to have relied too implicitly on Vossius: almost all these Particularités begin with "M. Vossius m'a dit."

† "La fiction de ce sonnet, comme l'auteur même m'a dit, est prise d'une ode d'Anacreon, encore non imprimée, qu'il a depuis traduite, συ μεν φιλε χελιδων."

‡ The author of Nouvelles de la Repub. des Lettres praises this translation very liberally. I have always thought it vague and spiritless.

"L'Histoire des Odes d'Anacreon," by Monsieur Gacon; Rotterdam, 1712.

A translation in English verse, by several hands, 1713, in which the odes by Cowley are inserted.

The edition by Barnes; London, 1721.

The edition by Dr. Trapp, 1733, with a Latin version in elegiac metre.

A translation in English verse, by John Addison, 1735.

A collection of Italian translations of Anacreon, published at Venice, 1736, consisting of those by Corsini, Regnier,* Salvini, Marchetti, and one by several anonymous authors.†

A translation in English verse, by Fawkes and Doctor Broome, 1760.‡

Another, anonymous, 1768.

The edition of Spaletti, at Rome, 1781; with the fac-simile of the Vatican MS.

* The notes of Regnier are not inserted in this edition: they must be interesting, as they were for the most part communicated by the ingenious Menage, who, we may perceive, bestowed some research on the subject, by a passage in the Menagiana—"C'est aussi lui (M. Bigot) qui s'est donné la peine de conférer des manuscrits en Italie dans le temps que je travaillais sur Anacréon." Menagiana, seconde partie.

† I find in Haym's Notizia de' Libri rari, an Italian translation mentioned, by Cappone in Venice, 1670.

‡ This is the most complete of the English translations.

The edition by Citoyen Gail,
seventh year, 1799, with a prose tra

ODES OF ANACREON.

ODE I.*

saw the smiling bard of pleasure.
he minstrel of the Teian measure;
'was in a vision of the night,
le beam'd upon my wondering sight;
heard his voice, and warmly prest
he dear enthusiast to my breast.
Iis tresses wore a silvery die,
lut beauty sparkled in his eye;
parkled in his eyes of fire,
hrough the mist of soft desire.

* This ode is the first of the series in the Vatican manuscript, which attributes it to no other poet than nacreon. They who assert that the manuscript iputes it to Basilius, have been misled by the words ν αυτν βασιλικως in the margin, which are merely tended as a title to the following ode. Whether it the production of Anacreon or not, it has all the atures of ancient simplicity, and is a beautiful imita- n of the poet's happiest manner.

Sparkled in his eyes of fire,
Through the mist of soft desire.] "How could he ow at the first look (says Baxter) that the poet was

Guided him on with tender hand.
Quick from his glowing brows he di
His braid, of many a wanton hue;
I took the braid of wanton twine,
It breath'd of him and blush'd with

φιλευνος ?" There are surely many tell-t
propensity; and the following are the ind
the phisiognomist gives, describing a disp
haps not unlike that of Anacreon: Οφθα
ζομενοι, κυμαινοντες εν ἑυτοις, εις αφρο
ευπαθειαν επτοηνται. ητε δε αδικοι, ητε
ητε φυσεως φαυλης, ητε αμητοι. A
"The eyes that are humid and fluctuating a
pensity to pleasure and love; they bespeak
of integrity and beneficence, a generosity
tion, and a genius for poetry."

Baptista Porta tells us some strange opini
ancient physiognomists on this subject, the
for which were curious, and perhaps not
fanciful. Vide Physiognom. Johan. Baptist

I took the braid of wanton twine

I hung it o'er my thoughtless brow,
And ah! I feel its magic now!
I feel that even his garland's touch
Can make the bosom love too much!

ODE II.

GIVE me the harp of epic song,
Which Homer's finger thrill'd along;
But tear away the sanguine string,
For war is not the theme I sing.
Proclaim the laws of festal rite,
I'm monarch of the board to-night;

roses only, but of thee!" Which pretty conceit is borrowed (as the author of the Observer remarks) in a well-known little song of Ben Jonson's.

"But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent it back to me;
Since when it looks and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee!"

And ah! I feel its magic now!] This idea, as Longepierre remarks, is in an epigram of the seventh book of the Anthologia.

Εξοτε μοι πινοντι συνεσαισα Χαρικλω
Λαθρη τις ιδιους αμφιβαλε στεφανους,
Πυρ ολον δαπτει με.

While I unconscious quaff'd my wine,
'Twas then thy fingers slyly stole
Upon my brow that wreath of thine,
Which since has madden'd all my soul!

Proclaim the laws of festal rite.] The ancients prescribed certain laws of drinking at their festivals,

Oh Bacchus! we will sing to thee,
In wild but sweet ebriety!
And flash around such sparks of the
As Bacchus could alone have taugl
Then give the harp of epic song,
Which Homer's finger thrill'd alon
But tear away the sanguine string,
For war is not the theme I sing!

ODE III.*

Listen, to the Muse's lyre,
Master of the pencil's fire!
Sketch'd in painting's bold display,
Many a city first pourtray;
Many a city, revelling free,
Warm with loose festivity.

for an account of which see the commentato
creon here acts the symposiarch, or master

e then a rosy train,
ants straying o'er the plain;
, as they roam along,
elay or shepherd-song.
me next, if painting may
ı theme as this pourtray,
ɜ happy heaven of love,
elect of Cupid prove.

ODE IV.*

N! hear your glorious task;
t from your labours ask
eous panoply to shine,
ır was ne'er a sport of mine.
t me have a silver bowl,
l may cradle all my soul;
not o'er its simple frame
iimic constellations flame;
ave upon the swelling side,
scowling o'er the tide.
not for the glitt'ring wane,
t the weeping sister train.
! let vines luxuriant roll
lushing tendrils round the bowl.
nany a rose-lip'd bacchant maid
ıg clusters in their shade.

is the ode which Aulus Gellius tells us was
d by minstrels at an entertainment where he
ent.

many a rose-lip'd bacchant maid, etc. etc.] I
n this according to the Vatican manuscript,

Beckons the rosy vintage-Power.

ODE V.*

GRAVE me a cup with brilliant gr
Deep as the rich and holy vase,
Which on the shrine of Spring rep
When shepherds hail that hour of r

in which the ode concludes with the foll
not inserted accurately in any of the edit

Ποιησον αμπελος μοι
Και βοτρυας κατ' αυτων
Και μαινας τρυγωσας,
Ποιει δε λευκον οινον,
Λευκοβατας πατουντας,
Τους σατυρους γελωντας,
Και χρυσους τους ωρας,
Και Κυθηρην γελωσαν,
Ὅμου παλαι ...

Grave it with themes of chaste design.
Form'd for a heavenly bowl like mine.
Display not there the barbarous rites,
In which religious zeal delights:
Nor any tale of tragic fate,
Which history trembles to relate!
No—cull thy fancies from above,
Themes of heav'n and themes of love.
Let Bacchus, Jove's ambrosial boy,
Distil the grape in drops of joy,
And while he smiles at every tear,
Let warm-ey'd Venus, dancing near,
With spirits of the genial bed,
The dewy herbage deftly tread.
Let Love be there, without his arms,
In timid nakedness of charms;
And all the Graces link'd with Love,
Blushing through the shadowy grove:

Let Love be there, without his arms, etc. Thus Sannazarro in the eclogue of Gallicio nell' Arcadia

Vegnan li vaghi Amori
Senza fiammelle, ò strali,
Scherzando insieme pargoletti e nudi.

Fluttering on the busy wing,
A train of naked Cupids came,
Sporting round in harmless ring,
Without a dart, without a flame.

And thus in the Pervigilium Veneris:

Ite nymphæ, posuit arma, feriatus est amor.

Love is disarm'd—ye nymphs, in safety stray,
Your bosoms now may boast a holiday!

While rosy boys disporting round,
In circlets trip the velvet ground;
But ah! if there Apollo toys,
I tremble for my rosy boys!

ODE VI.*

As late I sought the spangled bowers,
To cull a wreath of matin flowers,
Where many an early rose was weeping,
I found the urchin Cupid sleeping,

But ah! if there Apollo toys,
I tremble for my rosy boys!] An allusion to the fable that Apollo had killed his beloved boy Hyacinth, while playing with him at quoits. "This (says M. La Fosse) is assuredly the sense of the text, and it cannot admit of any other."

The Italian translators, to save themselves the trouble of a note, have taken the liberty of making Anacreon explain this fable. Thus Salvini, the most literal of any of them:

Ma con lor non giuochi Apollo;
Che in fiero risco
Col duro disco
A Giacinto fiaccò il collo.

* The Vatican MS. pronounces this beautiful fiction to be the genuine offspring of Anacreon. It has all the features of the parent:

Et facile insciis
Noscitetur ab omnibus.

The commentators, however, have attributed it to Julian, a royal poet.

I caught the boy, a goblet's tide
Was richly mantling by my side,
I caught him by his downy wing,
And whelm'd him in the racy spring.

Where many an early rose was weeping,
I found the urchin Cupid sleeping] This idea is prettily imitated in the following epigram by Andreas Naugerius:

Florentes dum forte vagans mea Hyella per hortos
Texit odoratis lilia cana rosis,
Ecce rosas inter latitantem invenit amorem
Et simul annexis floribus implicuit
Luctatur primo, et contra nitentibus alis
Indomitus tentat solvere vincta puer,
Mox ubi lacteolas et dignas matre papillas
Vidit et ora ipsov nata movere Deos.
Impositosque comæ ambrosios ut sentit odores
Quosque legit diti messe beatus Arabs;
"I (dixit) mea, quære novum tibi mater amorem,
"Imperio sedes hæc erit apta meo."

As fair Hyella, through the bloomy grove,
A wreath of many mingled flowrets wove,
Within a rose a sleeping love she found,
And in the twisted wreaths the baby bound.
Awhile he struggled, and impatient tried
To break the rosy bonds the virgin tied;
But when he saw her bosom's milky swell,
Her features, where the eye of Jove might dwell;
And caught th' ambrosial odours of her hair,
Rich as the breathings of Arabian air;
"Oh! mother Venus," (said the raptur'd child
By charms, of more than mortal bloom, beguil'd,)
"Go, seek another boy, thou'st lost thine own,
"Hyella's bosom shall be Cupid's throne!"

Oh! then I drank the poison'd bowl,
And love now nestles in my soul!
Yes, yes, my soul is Cupid's nest,
I feel him fluttering in my breast.

ODE VII.*

The women tell me every day
That all my bloom has past away.
"Behold," the pretty wantons cry,
"Behold this mirror with a sigh;
"The locks upon thy brow are few,
"And, like the rest, they're withering too!"
Whether decline has thinn'd my hair,
I'm sure I neither know nor care;

This epigram of Naugerius is imitated by Lodovico Dolce in a poem, beginning

Mentre raccoglie hor uno, hor altro fiore
Vicina a un rio di chiare et lucid' onde,
Lidia, etc. etc.

* Alberti has imitated this ode in a poem, beginning

Nisa mi dice e Clori
Tirsi, tu se' pur veglio.

Whether decline has thinn'd my hair,
I'm sure I neither know nor care;] Henry Stephen very justly remarks the elegant negligence of expression in the original here:

Εγω δε τας κομας μεν
Ειτ' ειεν, ειτ' απηλθον
Ουκ' οιδα.

But this I know, and this I feel,
As onward to the tomb I steal,
That still as death approaches nearer,
The joys of life are sweeter, dearer;
And had I but an hour to live,
That little hour to bliss I'd give!

And Longepierre has adduced from Catullus, what he thinks a similar instance of this simplicity of manner:

Ipse quis sit, utrum sit, an non sit, id quoque hescit.

Longepierre was a good critic; but perhaps the line which he had selected is a specimen of a carelessness not very elegant; at the same time I confess, that none of the Latin poets have ever appeared to me so capable of imitating the graces of Anacreon as Catullus, if he had not allowed a depraved imagination to hurry him so often into vulgar licentiousness.

That still as death approaches nearer
The joys of life are sweeter, dearer;] Pontanus has a very delicate thought upon the subject of old age:

Quid rides, Matrona? senem quid temnis amantem?
Quisquis amat, nullâ est conditione, senex.

Why do you scorn my want of youth,
And with a smile my brow behold
Lady dear! believe this truth,
That he who loves cannot be old.

ODE VIII.*

I CARE not for the idle state
Of Persia's king, the rich, the great;
I envy not the monarch's throne,
Nor wish the treasur'd gold my own.
But oh? be mine the rosy braid,
The fervour of my brows to shade;
Be mine the odours richly sighing,
Amidst my hoary tresses flying.

* "The German poet Lessing has imitated this
Vol. i. p. 21." Degen. Gail de Editionibus.

Baxter conjectures that this was written upo
occasion of our poet's returning the money to I
crates, according to the anecdote in Stobæus.

I care not for the idle state

Of Persia's king, etc.] "There is a fragmer
Archilocos in Plutarch, 'De tranquillitate ani
which our poet has very closely imitated here
begins,

Ου μοι τα Γυγεω τε πολυχρυσε μελει." Bar
In one of the monkish imitators of Anacreon we
the same thought.

Ψυχην εμην ερωτω,
Τι σοι θελεις γενεσθαι;
Θελεις Γυγεω, τα και τα;

Be mine the odours, richly sighing,

Amidst my hoary tresses flying.] In the origi
μυροισι καταβρεχειν ὑπηνην. On account of
idea of perfuming the beard, Cornelius de Pauw
nounces the whole ode to be the spurious produc
of some lascivious monk, who was nursing his be

To-day I'll haste too quaff my wine,
As if to-morrow ne'er should shine;
But if to-morrow comes, why then—
I'll haste to quaff my wine again.
And thus while all our days are bright,
Nor time has dimm'd their bloomy light
Let us the festal hours beguile
With mantling cup and cordial smile;
And shed from every bowl of wine
The richest drop on Bacchus' shrine!
For death may come with brow unpleasant,
May come, when least we wish him present,
And beckon to the sable shore,
And grimly bid us—drink no more!

with unguents. But he should have known, that this was an ancient eastern custom, which, if we may believe Savary, still exists: "Vous voyez, Monsieur (says this traveller,) que l'usage antique de se parfumer la tête et la barbe,* célébré par le prophète Roi, subsiste encore de nos jours." Lettre 12. Savary likewise cites this very ode of Anacreon. Angerianus has not thought the idea inconsistent; he has introduced it in the following lines:

Hæc mihi cura, rosis et cingere tempora myrto,
Et curas multo delapidare mero.
Hæc mihi, cura, comas et barbam tingere succo
Assyrio et dulces continuare jocos.

This be my care, to twine the rosy wreath,
And drench my sorrows in the ample bowl;
To let my beard th' Assyrian unguent breathe.
And give a loose to levity of soul!

* "*Sicut unguentum in capite quod descendit in barbam Aaron. Psaume* 133."

ODE IX.*

I PRAY thee, by the gods above,
Give me the mighty bowl I love,
And let me sing, in wild delight,
"I will—I will be mad to-night!"
Alcmæon once, as legends tell,
Was frenzied by the fiends of hell;
Orestes, too, with naked tread,
Frantic pac'd the mountain-head;
And why? a murder'd mother's shade
Before their conscious fancy play'd.
But I can ne'er a murderer be;
The grape alone shall bleed by me;
Yet can I rave, in wild delight,
"I will—I will be mad to-night!"
The son of Jove, in days of yore,
Imbru'd his hands in youthful gore,
And brandish'd with a maniac joy,
The quiver of th' expiring boy:
And Ajax, with tremendous shield,
Infuriate scour'd the guiltless field.

* The poet here is in a frenzy of enjoyment, is, indeed, "amabilis insania."

Furor di poesia,
Di lascivia, e di vino,
Triplicato furore,
Bacco, Apollo, et Amore.
Ritratti del Cavalier Marino

This is, as Scaliger expresses it,

——Insanire dulce
Et sapidum furere furorem.

But I, whose hands no quiver hold;
No weapon but this flask of gold;
The trophy of whose frantic hours
Is but a scatter'd wreath of flowers;
Yet, yet can sing, with wild delight.
"I will—I will be mad to-night!"

ODE X.*

TELL me how much to punish thee,
For the mischief done to me?
Silly swallow! prating thing,
Shall I clip that wheeling wing?

* This ode is addressed to a swallow. I find from Degen and from Gail's index, that the German poet Weisse has imitated it, Scherz. Lieder. lib. ii. carm. 5; that Ramler also has imitated it, Lyr. Blumenlese, lib. iv. p. 335; and some others. See Gail de Editionibus.

We are referred by Degen to that stupid book, the Epistles of Alciphron, tenth epistle, third book! where Iophon complains to Eraston of being wakened, by the crowing of a cock, from his vision of riches.

Silly swallow! prating thing, etc.] The loquacity of the swallow was proverbialized; thus Nicostratus:

Ει το συνεχως και πολλα και ταχεως λαλειν
Ην τε φρονειν παραδειγμον, αι χελιδονες
Ελεγον τ' αν ἡμων σωφρονεστερα πολυ.

If in prating from morning till night,
A sign of their wisdom there be;
The swallows are wiser by right,
For they prattle much faster than we.

Or, as Tereus did of old,
(So the fabled tale is told,)
Shall I tear that tongue away,
Tongue that utter'd such a lay?
How unthinking hast thou been!
Long before the dawn was seen,
When I slumber'd in a dream,
(Love was the delicious theme!)
Just when I was nearly blest,
Ah! thy matin broke my rest!

ODE XI.*

"Tell me, gentle youth, I pray thee,
What in purchase shall I pay thee
For this little waxen toy,
Image of the Paphian boy?"
Thus I said, the other day,
To a youth who pass'd my way:
"Sir," (he answer'd, and the while
Answer'd all in Doric style,)

Or, as Tereus did of old, etc.] Modern poet: confirmed the name of Philomel upon the nightin but many very respectable ancients assigned th: tamorphose to Progne, and made Philomel the low, as Anacreon does here.

* It is difficult to preserve with any grace the i tive simplicity of this ode, and the humour of the with which it concludes. I feel that the trans must appear very vapid, if not ludicrous, to an lish reader.

"Take it, for a trifle take it;
Think not yet that I could make it;
Pray, believe it was not I!
No—it cost me many a sigh,
And I can no longer keep
Little gods, who murder sleep!"
"Here, then, here," (I said with joy,)
"Here is silver for the boy:
He shall be my bosom guest,
Idol of my pious breast!"
Little Love thou now art mine,
Warm me with that torch of thine;
Make me feel as I have felt,
Or thy waxen frame shall melt.
I must burn in warm desire,
Or thou, my boy, in yonder fire!

And I can no longer keep
Little gods, who murder sleep!] I have not literally rendered the epithet παννυχιστα; if it has any meaning here, it is one, perhaps, better omitted.

I must burn in warm desire,
Or thou, my boy, in yonder fire!] Monsieur Longepierre conjectures from this, that, whatever Anacreon might say, he sometimes felt the inconveniences of old age, and here solicits from the power of Love a warmth which he could no longer expect from Nature.

ODE XII.

They tell how Atys, wild with love,
Roams the mount and haunted grove;
Cybele's name he howls around,
The gloomy blast returns the sound!
Oft too by Claros' hallow'd spring,
The votaries of the laurell'd king
Quaff the inspiring, magic stream,
And rave in wild, prophetic dream.
But frenzied dreams are not for me,
Great Bacchus is my deity!

They tell how Atys, wild with love,
Roams the mount and haunted grove;] There are many contradictory stories of the loves of Cybele and Atys. It is certain that he was mutilated, but whether by his own fury, or her jealousy, is a point which authors are not agreed upon.

Cybele's name he howls around, etc.] 'I have adopted the accentuation which Elias Andreas gives to Cybele:

In montibus Cybèlen
Magno sonans boatu.

Oft too by Claros' hallow'd spring, etc.] This fountain was in a grove, consecrated to Apollo, and situated between Colophon and Lebedos, in Ionia. The god had an oracle there. Scaliger has thus alluded to it in his Anacreontica:

Semel ut concitus œstro,
Veluti qui Clarias aquas,
Ebibere loquaces,
Quo plus canunt, plura volunt.

Full of mirth, and full of him,
While waves of perfume round me swim;
While flavour'd bowls are full supplied,
And you sit blushing by my side,
I will be mad and raving too—
Mad, my girl! with love for you!

ODE XIII.

I WILL; I will; the conflict's past,
And I'll consent to love at last.
Cupid has long, with smiling art,
Invited me to yield my heart;
And I have thought that peace of mind
Should not be for a smile resign'd;
And I've repell'd the tender lure,
And hop'd my heart should sleep secure.
But, slighted in his boasted charms,
The angry infant flew to arms!
He slung his quiver's golden frame,
He took his bow, his shafts of flame,
And proudly summon'd me to yield,
Or meet him on the martial field.
And what did I unthinking do?
I took to arms, undaunted too;

While waves of perfume, etc.] Spaletti has mistaken the import of κορεσθεις, as applied to the poet's mistress: "Meâ fatigatus amicâ." He interprets it, in a sense which must want either delicacy or gallantry.

the poet, in this catalogue of his mis
nothing more than, by a lively hyperbole
his heart, unfettered by any one object, w
devotion towards the sex in general.
debted to this ode for the hint of his l
"The Chronicle;" and the learned Mon
has imitated it in a Greek Anacreontic,
much ease and spirit, that the reader ma
pleased at seeing it here:

Προς Βιωνα,
Ει αλσεων τε φυλλα,
Λειμωνικας τε ποιας,
Ει νυκτος ασρα παντα,
Παρακτικς τη ψαμμκς,
Ἅλος τε κυματωδ η,
Δυνη, Βιων, αριθμεειν,
Και τκς εμκς ερωτας
Δυνη Βιων αριθμεειν.
Κορην, γυναικα, Ηρην,
Σμικρην, Μεσην, Μεγιστην,
Λευκην τε και Μελαιναν,

Count me, on the foamy deep,
Every wave that sinks to sleep;

Ερασμιον, ἀποθεινην,
Αει μονην φιλησαι
Εγωγε μη δοναιμην.

Tell the foliage of the woods,
Tell the billows of the floods,
Number midnight's starry store,
And the sands that crowd the shore;
Then, my Bion, thou may'st count
Of my loves the vast amount!
I've been loving all my days,
Many nymphs, in many ways,
Virgin, widow, maid and wife—
I've been doting all my life.
Naiads, Nereids, nymphs of fountains,
Goddesses of groves and mountains,
Fair and sable, great and small,
Yes—I swear I've lov'd them all!
Every passion soon was over,
I was but the moment's lover;
Oh! I'm such a roving elf,
That the Queen of Love herself,
Though she practis'd all her wiles,
Rosy blushes, golden smiles,
All her beauty's proud endeavour
Could not chain my heart for ever!

Count me, on the summer trees,
Every leaf, etc.] This figure is called, by the rhetoricians ἀδυνατον, and is very frequently made use of in poetry. The amatory writers have exhausted a world of imagery by it, to express the infinity of kisses which they require from the lips of their mistresses: in this Catullus led the way.

Then, when you have number'd these
Billowy tides and leafy trees,
Count me all the flames I prove,
All the gentle nymphs I love.
First, of pure Athenian maids,
Sporting in their olive shades,
You may reckon just a score,
Nay, I'll grant you fifteen more.
In the sweet Corinthian grove,
Where the glowing wantons rove,

—Quam sidera multa, cum tacet nox,
Furtivos hominum vident amores ;
Tam te basia multa basiare
Vesano satis, et super Catullo est :
Quæ nec pernumerare curiosi
Possint, nec mala fascinare lingua. Carm. 7.

As many stellar eyes of light,
As through the silent waste of night,
Gazing upon this world of shade,
Witness some secret youth and maid,
Who, fair as thou, and fond as I,
In stolen joys enamour'd lie !
So many kisses, ere I slumber,
Upon those dew-bright lips I'll number ;
So many vermil, honied kisses,
Envy can never count our blisses.
No tongue shall tell the sum but mine ;
No lips shall fascinate, but thine !

In the sweet Corinthian grove,
Where the glowing wantons rove, etc.] Corinth was very famous for the beauty and number of its courtezans. Venus was the deity principally worshipped by the people, and prostitution in her temple was a

Chains of beauties may be found,
Chains, by which my heart is bound;
There indeed are girls divine,
Dangerous to a soul like mine!
Many bloom in Lebos' isle;
Many in Ionia smile;
Rhodes a pretty swarm can boast;
Caria too contains a host.
Sum these all—of brown and fair,
You may count two thousand there!
What, you gaze! I pray you, peace!
More I'll find before I cease.
Have I told you all my flames,
'Mong the amorous Syrian dames?
Have I number'd every one,
Glowing under Egypt's sun?
Or the nymphs who, blushing sweet,
Deck the shrine of Love in Crete;

meritorious act of religion. Conformable to this was their constant and solemn prayer, that the gods would increase the number of their courtezans.—We may perceive from the application of the verb κορινθιαζειν, in Aristophanes, that the wantonness of the Corinthians became proverbial.

There indeed are girls divine,
Dangerous to a soul like mine!] "With justice has the poet attributed beauty to the women of Greece." Degen.

Monsieur de Pauw, the author of Dissertations upon the Greeks, is of a different opinion; he thinks that, by a capricious partiality of nature, the other sex had all the beauty, and accounts upon this supposition for a very singular deprivation of instinct among them

Where the God, with festal play,
Holds eternal holiday?
Still in clusters, still remain
Gade's warm, desiring train;
Still there lies a myriad more
On the sable India's shore;
These, and many far remov'd,
All are loving—all are lov'd!

Gade's warm, desiring train;] The Gaditanian girls were like the Bladiéres of India, whose dances are thus described by a French author: "Les danses sont presque toutes des pantomimes d'amour; le plan, le dessein, les attitudes, les mesures, les sons et les cadences de ces ballets, tout respire cette passion et en exprime les voluptés et les fureurs." Histoire du Commerce des Europ. dans les deux Indes. Raynal.

The music of the Gaditanian females had all the voluptuous character of their dancing, as appears from Martial:

Cautica qui Nili, qui Gaditana susurrat. Lib. iii. epig. 63.

Lodovico Ariosto had this ode of our bard in his mind, when he wrote his poem "De diversis amoribus." See the Anthologia Italorum.

ODE XV.

TELL* me why, my sweetest dove,
Thus your humid pinions move,
Shedding through the air in showers
Essence of the balmiest flowers?
Tell me whither, whence you rove,
Tell me all, my sweetest dove.

* The dove of Anacreon, bearing a letter from the poet to his mistress, is met by a stranger, with whom the dialogue is imagined.

The ancients made use of letter-carrying pigeons, when they went any distance from home, as the most certain means of conveying intelligence back. That tender domestic attachment, which attracts this delicate little bird through every danger and difficulty, till it settles in its native nest, affords to the elegant author of "The Pleasures of Memory" a fine and interesting exemplification of his subject.

Led by what chart, transports the timid dove
The wreaths of conquest, or the vows of love?

See the poem. Daniel Heinsius has a similar sentiment, speaking of Donza, who adopted this method at the siege of Leyden:

Quo patriæ non tendit amor? Mandata referre
Postquam hominem nequiit mittere, misit avem.

Fuller tells us that, at the siege of Jerusalem, the Christians intercepted a letter tied to the legs of a dove, in which the Persian Emperor promised assistance to the besieged. See Fuller's Holy War, cap. 21, book i.

ODE XVI.*

THOU, whose soft and rosy hues
Mimic form and soul infuse;

* This ode and the next may be called companion-pictures; they are highly finished, and give us an excellent idea of the taste of the ancients in beauty. Franciscas Junius quotes them in his third book "De Pictura Veterum."

This ode has been imitated by Ronsard, Giuliano Goselini, etc, etc. Scaliger alludes to it thus in his Anacreontica:

Olim lempore blando,
Litis versibus
Candidus Anacreon
Quam pingeret Amicus
Descripsit Venerim suam.

The Teian bard, of former days,
Attun'd his sweet descriptive lays,
And taught the painter's hand to trace
His fair beloved's every grace!

In the dialogue of Caspir Barlæus, entitled "An formosa sit ducenda," the reader will find many curious ideas and descriptions of beauty.

Thou, whose soft and rosy hues
Mimic form and soul infuse;] I have followed the reading of the Vatican MS. ῥοδόνυς. Painting is called "the rosy art," either in reference to colouring, or as an indefinite epithet of excellence, from the association of beauty with that flower. Salvini has adopted this reading in his literal translation:

Della rosea arte signore.

But in vain he'll bid me fly,
I shall serve him till I die.
Never could my plumes sustain
Ruffling winds and chilling rain,
O'er the plains, or in the dell,
On the mountain's savage swell;
Seeking in the desert wood
Gloomy shelter, rustic food.
Now I lead a life of ease,
Far from such retreats as these;
From Anacreon's hand I eat
Food delicious, viands sweet;
Flutter o'er his goblet's brim,
Sip the foamy wine with him.
Then I dance and wanton round
To the lyre's beguiling sound;
Or, with gently-fanning wings,
Shade the minstrel while he sings:
On his harp then sink in slumbers,
Dreaming still of dulcet numbers!
This is all—away—away—
You have made me waste the day.
How I've chatter'd! prating crow
Never yet did chatter so.

And, if painting hath the skill
To make the spicy balm distil,
Let every little lock exhale
A sigh of perfume on the gale.
Where her tresses' curly flow
Darkles o'er the brow of snow,
Let her forehead beam to light,
Burnish'd as the ivory bright.
Let her eyebrows sweetly rise
In jetty arches o'er her eyes,
Gently in a crescent gliding,
Just commingling, just dividing.
But hast thou any sparkles warm,
The lightning of her eyes to form?
Let them effuse the azure ray
Which with Minerva's glances play,
And give them all that liquid fire
That Venus' languid eyes respire.

And, if painting hath the skill
To make the spicy balm distil, etc.] Thus Philostratus, speaking of a picture: *επαινω και τον ιδρωτον των ροδων και φημι γεγραφθαι αυτα μετα της οσμης.* "I admire the dewiness of these roses, and could say that their very smell was painted."

And gives them all that liquid fire
That Venus' languid eyes respire.] Marchetti explains thus the *ὑγρον* of the original:

Dipingili umidetti
Tremuli e lascivetti,

Quai gli ha Ciprigna l' alma Dea d' Amore.

Tasso has painted in the same manner the eye of Armida, as La Fosse remarks:

O'er her nose and cheek be shed
Flushing white and mellow'd red;
Gradual tints, as when there glows
In snowy milk the bashful rose.
Then her lip, so rich in blisses!
Sweet petitioner for kisses!

Qual raggi in onda le scintilla un riso
Negli umidi occhi tremulo e lascivo.

Within her humid melting eyes
A brilliant ray of laughter lies,
Soft as the broken solar beam,
That trembles in the azure stream.

The mingled expression of dignity and tenderness, which Anacreon requires the painter to infuse into the eyes of his mistress, is more amply described in the subsequent ode. Both descriptions are so exquisitely touched, that the artist must have been great indeed, if he did not yield in painting to the poet.

Gradual tints, as when there glows
In snowy milk the bashful rose.] Thus Properitus, eleg. 3. lib. ii.

Utque rosæ puro lacte natant folia.

And Devenant, in a little poem called "The Mistress,"

Catch, as it falls, the Scythian snow,
Bring blushing roses steep'd in milk.

Thus too Taygetus:

Quæ lac atque rosas vincis candore rubenti.

These last words may perhaps defend the "flushing white" of the translation.

Then her lip, so rich in blisses!
Sweet petitioner for kisses!] The "lip, provoking kisses," in the original, is a strong and beautiful ex-

Pouting nest of bland persuasion,
Ripely suing Love's invasion.
Then beneath the velvet chin,
Whose dimple shades a love within,
Mould her neck with grace descending,
In a heaven of beauty ending;
While airy charms, above, below,
Sport and flutter on its snow.

pression. Achilles Tatus speaks of χειλη μαλθακα προς τα φιλημματα, "Lips soft and delicate for kissing." A grave old commentator, Dionysius Lambinus, in his notes upon Lucretius, tells us, with all the authority of experience, that girls who have large lips kiss infinitely sweeter than others! "Suavius viros osculantur puellæ labiosæ, quam quæ sunt brevibus labris." And Æneas Sylvius, in his tedious uninteresting story of the adulterous loves of Euryalus and Lucretia, where he particularizes the beauties of the heroine (in a very false and laboured style of latinity,) describes her lips as exquisitely adapted for biting. "Os parvum decensque, labia corallini coloris ad morsum aptissima." Epist. 114. lib. i.

Then beneath the velvet chin,

Whose dimple shades a love within, etc.] Madame Dacier has quoted here two pretty lines of Varro:

Sigilla in mento impressa Amoris digitulo
Vestigio demonstrant mollitudinem.

In her chin is a delicate dimple,
By the finger of Cupid imprest;
There Softness, bewitchingly simple,
Has chosen her innocent nest.

a floating, lucid veil,
ıer limbs, but not conceal;
may peep, a hue may beam,
e the rest to Fancy's dream.
–'tis she! 'tis all I seek;
it lives, it soon will speak!

ODE XVII.*

, with all thy pencil's truth,
Bathyllus, lovely youth!
ıir, in lapses bright,
streaming rays of light;

a floating, lucid veil
ıer limbs, but not conceal, etc.] This deli-
' description, which leaves imagination to
ıe picture, has been seldom adopted in the
ıf this beautiful poem. Ronsard is excep-
nute; and Politianus, in his charming por-
;irl, full of rich and exquisite diction, has
sil rather too much. The "questo che tu
' should be always left to fancy.
ader, who wishes to acquire an accurate
judgment of the ancients in beauty, will
l by consulting Junius de Pictura Veterum,
ter, third book, where he will find a very
ection of descriptions and epithets of per-
ctions; he compares this ode with a de-
f Theodoric, king of the Goths, in the se-
e, first book of Sidonius Appollinaris.
air in lapses bright,
: streaming rays of light; etc.] Here he
he sunny hair, the "flava coma," which the

And there the raven's die confuse
With the yellow sunbeam's hues.
Let not the braid, with artful twine,
The flowing of his locks confine;
But loosen every golden ring,
To float upon the breeze's wing.
Beneath the front of polish'd glow,
Front, as fair as mountain-snow,
And guileless as the dews of dawn,
Let the majestic brows be drawn,
Of ebon dies, enrich'd by gold,
Such as the scaly snakes unfold,
Mingle in his jetty glances,
Power that awes, and love that trances;

ancients so much admired. The Romans gave colour artificially to their hair. See Stanisl. Kot zyk de Luxu Romanorum.

Let not the braid, with artful twine, etc.] I original here, which is particularly beautiful, can mit of any additional value, that value is conferre by Gray's admiration of it. See his letters to We

Some annotators have quoted on this passage description of Photis's hair in Apuleius; but not can be more distant from the simplicity of our p manner, than that affectation of richness which di guishes the style of Apuleius.

Front as fair as mountain-snow,

And guileless as the dews of dawn, etc.] Tor tius, upon the words "insignem tenui fronte," ir thirty-third ode of the first book of Horace, is of nion that "tenui" bears the meaning of ἀπαλὸν h but he is certainly incorrect.

Mingle in his jetty glances,

Power that awes, and love that trances; etc.] T gives a similar character to the eyes of Clorinda:

Steal from Venus bland desire,
Steal from Mars the look of fire,
Blend them in such expression here,
That we by turns may hope and fear!
Now from the sunny apple seek
The velvet down that spreads his cheek;
And there let Beauty's rosy ray
In flying blushes richly play;
Blushes, of that celestial flame
Which lights the cheek of virgin shame.
Then for his lips, that ripely gem—
But let thy mind imagine them!

Lampeggiar gli occhi, e folgorar gli sguardi
Dolci ne l' ira.

Her eyes were glowing with a heavenly heat,
Emaning fire, and e'en in anger sweet!

The poetess Veronica Cambara is more diffuse upon this variety of expression:

Occhi lucenti e belli
Come esser puo ch' in un medesmo istante
Nascan de voi si nove forme et tante?
Lieti, mesti, superbi, humil' alteri
Vi mostrate in un punto, ondi di speme,
Et di timor de empiete, etc. etc.

Oh! tell me, brightly-beaming eye,
Whence in your little orbit lie
So many different traits of fire,
Expressing each a new desire.
Now with angry scorn you darkle,
Now with tender anguish sparkle,
And we who view the various mirror,
Feel at once both hope and terror.

Paint, where the ruby cell uncloses,
Persuasion sleeping upon roses;
And give his lip that speaking air,
As if a word was hovering there!
His neck of ivory splendour trace,
Moulded with soft but manly grace;
Fair as the neck of Paphia's boy,
Where Paphia's arms have hung in joy.
Give him the winged Hermes' hand
With which he weaves his snaky wand;

Monsieur Chevreau, citing the lines of our poet, in his critique on the poems of Malherbe, produces a Latin version of them from a manuscript which he had seen, entitled "Joan Falconis Anacreontica Lusus."

Persuasion sleeping upon roses;] It was worthy of the delicate imagination of the Greeks to deify Persuasion, and give her the lips for her throne. We are here reminded of a very interesting fragment of Anacreon, preserved by the scholiast upon Pindar, and supposed to belong to a poem reflecting with some severity on Simonides, who was the first we are told, that ever made a hireling of his muse.

Ουδ' αργυρειν ποτ' ελαμψε Πειθω.

Nor yet had fair persuasion shone
In silver splendours, not her own.

And gave his lip that speaking air,
As if a word was hovering there!] In the original λαλων σιωπη. The mistress of Petrach "parla con silentio," which is perhaps the best method of female eloquence.

Give him the winged Hermes' hand, etc.] In Shak-

Let Bacchus then the breast supply,
And Leda's son the sinewy thigh,
But oh! suffuse his limbs of fire
With all that glow of young desire,
Which kindles, when the wishful sigh
Steals from the heart, unconscious why.
Thy pencil, though divinely bright,
Is envious of the eye's delight,
Or its enamour'd touch would show
His shoulder, fair as sunless snow,
Which now in veiling shadow lies,
Remov'd from all but Fancy's eyes.

speare's Cymbeline there is a similar method of description:

———this is his hand,
His foot mercurial, the martial thigh,
The brawns of Hercules.

We find it likewise in Hamlet. Longepierre thinks that the hands of Mercury are selected by Anacreon, on account of the graceful gestures which were supposed to characterize the god of eloquence; but Mercury was also the patron of thieves, and may perhaps be praised as a light fingered deity.

But oh! suffuse his limbs of fire
With all that glow of young desire, etc.] I have taken the liberty here of somewhat veiling the original. Madame Dacier, in her translation, has hung out lights (as Sterne would call it) at this passage. It is very much to be regretted that this substitution of asterisks has been so much adopted in the popular interpretations of the Classics; it serves but to bring whatever is exceptionable into notice, "claramque facem præferre pudendis."

Now, for his feet—but hold—forbear—
I see a godlike portrait there;
So like Bathyllus!—sure there's none
So like Bathyllus but the Sun!
Oh! let this pictur'd god be mine,
And keep the boy for Samos' shrine;
Phœbus shall then Bathyllus be,
Bathyllus then the deity!

ODE XVIII.*

Now the star of day is high,
Fly, my girls, in pity fly,
Bring me wine in brimming urns,
Cool my lip, it burns, it burns!

———*But hold—forbear—*

I see a godlike portrait there;] This is very spirited, but it requires explanation. While the artist is pursuing the portrait of Bathyllus, Anacreon, we must suppose, turns round and sees a picture of Apollo, which was intended for an altar at Samos; he instantly tells the painter to cease his work; that this picture will serve for Bathyllus; and that, when he goes to Samos, he may make an Apollo of the portrait of the boy he had begun.

"Bathyllus (says Madame Dacier) could not be more elegantly praised, and this one passage does him more honour than the statue, however beautiful it might be, which Polycrates raised to him."

* An elegant translation of this ode may be found in Ramler's Lyr. Blumenlese, lib. v. p. 403. Degen.

Bring me wine in brimming urns, etc.] Orig. πίειν αμύστι. "The amystis was a method of drink-

Sunn'd by the meridian fire,
Panting, languid, I expire!
Give me all those humid flowers,
Drop them o'er my brow in showers.

ing used among the Thracians. Thus Horace, 'Threciâ vincat amystide.'" Mad. Dacier, Longepierre, etc. etc.

Parrhasius, in his twenty-sixth epistle (Thesaur. Critic. vol. i.) explains the amystis as a draught to be exhausted without drawing breath, "uno haustu." A note in the margin of this epistle of Parrhasius says, "Politianus vestem esse putabat," but I cannot find where.

Give me all those humid flowers, etc.] By the original reading of this line, the poet says, "Give me the flower of wine"—Date floculos Lyæ, as it is in the version of Elias Andreas; and

Deh porgetimi del fiore
Di quel almo e buon liquore

as Regnier has it, who supports the reading. Ανθος would undoubtedly bear this application, which is somewhat similar to its import in the epigram of Simonides upon Sophocles:

Εσθλαθης γεραιε Σοφοκλεης, ανθος αοιδων.

And flos in the Latin is frequently applied in this manner—thus Cethegus is called by Ennius, Flos inlibatus populi, suadæque medulla, "The immaculate flower of the people, and the very marrow of persuasion," in those verses cited by Aulus Gellius, lib. xii. which Cicero praised, and Seneca thought ridiculous.

But in the passage before us, if we admit ιξαυτον, according to Faber's conjecture, the sense is sufficiently clear, and we need not have recourse to refinements.

Scarce a breathing chaplet now
Lives upon my feverish brow;
Every dewy rose I wear
Sheds its tears, and withers there.
But for you my burning mind!
Oh! what shelter shall I find?
Can the bowl, or flowret's dew,
Cool the flame that scorches you?

Every dewy rose I wear
Sheds its tears, and withers there.] There are some beautiful lines, by Angerianus, upon a garland, which I cannot resist quoting here:

Ante fores madidæ sic sic pendete corollæ,
Mane orto imponet Cælia vos capiti;
At quum per niveam cervicem influxerit humor,
Dicite, non roris sed pluvia hæc lacrimæ.

By Celia's arbour all the night
Hang, humid wreath, the lover's vow;
And haply, at the morning light,
My love shall twine thee round her brow.
Then if upon her bosom bright
Some drops of dew shall fall from thee,
Tell her, they are not drops of night,
But tears of sorrow shed by me!

In the poem of Mr. Sheridan's, "Uncouth is this moss covered grotto of stone," there is an idea very singularly coincident with this of Angerianus, in the stanza which begins,

And thou, stony grot, in thy arch may'st preserve.

But for you my burning mind! etc.] The transition here is peculiarly delicate and impassioned; but the commentators have perplexed the sentiment by a variety of readings and conjectures.

ODE XIX.

HERE* recline you, gentle maid,
Sweet is this imbowering shade;
Sweet the young, the modest trees,
Ruffled by the kissing breeze;

* The description of this bower is so natural and animated, that we cannot help feeling a degree of coolness and freshness while we read it. Longepierre has quoted from the first book of the Anthologia, the following epigram, as somewhat resembling this ode:

Ερχεο και κατ' εμαν ιζευ φιτυν, ἀ το μελιχρον
Προς μαλακας ηχει κεκλιμενα ζεφυρας.
Ηνιδε και κρηνισμα μελισταγες, ενθα μελισδων
Ηδυν ερημαιαις ὑπνον αγω καλαμοις.

Come sit by the shadowy pine
That covers my sylvan retreat;
And see how the branches incline
The breathing of zephyr to meet.

See the fountain, that, flowing, diffuses
Around me a glittering spray;
By its brink as the traveller muses,
I sooth him to sleep with my lay!

Here recline you, gentle maid, etc.] The Vatican MS. reads βαθυλλε, which renders the whole poem metaphorical. Some commentator suggests the reading of βαθυλλον, which makes a pun upon the name; a grace that Plato himself has condescended to in writing of his boy αστρ. See the epigram of this philosopher, which I quote on the twenty second ode.

Sweet the little founts that weep,
Lulling bland the mind to sleep;
Hark! they whisper as they roll,
Calm persuasion to the soul;
Tell me, tell me, is not this
All a stilly scene of bliss?
Who, my girl, would pass it by?
Surely neither you nor I!

There is another epigram by this philosopher, preserved in Laertius, which turns upon the same word:

Αστηρ πριν μεν λαμπες εν ζωοισιν ἑωος
Νυν δε θανων, λαμπεις ἑσπερος εν φθιμενοις.

In life thou wert my morning-star,
But now that death has stol'n thy light,
Alas thou shinest dim and far,
Like the pale beam that weeps at night.

In the Veneres Blyenburgicæ, under the head of "allusiones," we find a number of such frigid conceits upon names, selected from the poets of the middle ages.

Who, my girl, would pass it by?

Surely neither you nor I!] What a finish he gives to the picture by the simple exclamation of the original! In these delicate turns he is inimitable; and yet, hear what a French translator says on the passage: "This conclusion appeared to me too trifling after such a description, and I thought proper to add somewhat to the strength of the original."

ODE XX.

ONE* day, the Muses twin'd the hands
Of baby Love, with flow'ry bands;

* By this allegory of the Muses making Cupid the prisoner of Beauty, Anacreon seems to insinuate the softening influence which a cultivation of poetry has over the mind, in making it peculiarly susceptible to the impressions of beauty.

Though in the following epigram, by the philosopher Plato, which is found in the third book of Diogenes Laertius, the Muses are made to disavow all the influence of Love.

Ἀ Κυπρις Μουσαισι, παν κορασια Αφροδιταν
Τιματ' ἢ τον Ερωτα ὑμμιν ἐφοπλισομαι.
Ἀι Μουσαι φωτι Κυπριν. Αρει τα ςωμυλα ταυτα
Ἡμιν ἢ ἀστεραται τυτο το παιδαριον.

"Yield to my gentle power, Parnassian maids;"
Thus to the Muses spoke the Queen of Charms—
"Or Love shall flutter in your classic shades,
And make your grove the camp of Paphian arms!"

"No," said the virgins of the tuneful bower,
"We scorn thine own and all thy urchin's art!
Though Mars has trembled at the infant's power,
His shaft is pointless o'er a Muse's heart!"

There is a sonnet by Benedetto Guidi, the thought of which was suggested by this ode.

Scherzava dentro all' auree chiome Amore
Dell' alma donna della vita mia:
E tanta era il piacer ch' ei ne sentia,
Che non sapea, né volea uscirne fore.

And to celestial Beauty gave
The captive infant as her slave.
His mother comes with many a toy,
To ransom her beloved boy;
His mother sues, but all in vain!
He ne'er will leave his chains again.

Quando ecco ivi annodar si sente il core,
Sì, che per forza ancor convien che stia:
Tai lacci alta beltate orditi avia
Del crespo crin, per farsi eterno onore.

Onde offre infin dal ciel degna mercede,
A chi scioglie il figliuol la bella dea
Da tanti nodi, in ch' ella stretto il vede.
Ma ei vinto a due occhi l' arme cede:
Et t' affatichi indarno, Citerea;
Che s' altri 'l scioglie, egli a legar si riede.

Love, wandering through the golden maze
Of my beloved's hair,
Trac'd every lock with fond delays,
And, doating, linger'd there.

And soon he found 'twere vain to fly,
His heart was close confin'd;
And every curlet was a tie,
A chain by Beauty twin'd.

Now Venus seeks her boy's release,
With ransom from above:
But, Venus! let thy efforts cease,
For Love's the slave of love.
And, should we loose his golden chain,
The prisoner would return again!

His mother comes, with many a toy,
To ransom her beloved boy; etc.] Venus thus pro

Nay, should they take his chains away,
The little captive still would stay,
"If this," he cries, "a bondage be,
"Who could wish for liberty?"

claims the reward for her fugitive child in the first idyl of Moschus:

Ὁ μαντυας γερας ἕξει,
Μισθος τοι, το φιλαμα το Κυπριδος· ην δ' αγαγης
ὑιν
Ου γυμνον το φιλαμα, τυ δ' ω ξενε, και πλεον
ἕξεις.

On him who the haunts of my Cupid can show,
A kiss of the tenderest stamp I'll bestow;
But he, who can bring me the wanderer here,
Shall have something more rapturous, something more dear.

This "something more dear" is the quidquid post oscula dulce of Secundus.

After this ode, there follow in the Vatican MS. these extraordinary lines:

Ηδυμελης Ανακρεων
Ηδυμελης δε Σαπφω
Πινδαρικον το δε μοι μελος
Συγκιρατας τις εγχεοι
Τα τρια ταυτα μοι δοκει
Και Διονυσος εισελθων
Και Παφιη παραχροος
Και αυτος Ερως καν ερωιν.

These lines, which appear to me to have as little sense as metre, are most probably the interpolation of the transcriber.

ODE XXI.*

Observe when mother earth is dry,
She drinks the droppings of the sky;
And then the dewy cordial gives
To ev'ry thirsty plant that lives.

* The commentators who have endeavoured to th
the chains of precision over the spirit of this beau
trifle, require too much from Anacreontic philoso
Monsieur Gail very wisely thinks that the poet use
epithet μελαινα, because black earth absorbs mois
more quickly than any other; and accordingly he
dulges us with an experimental disquisition on the
ject. See Gail's notes.

One of the Capilupi has imitated this ode, in an
taph on a drunkard:

Dum vixi sine fine bibi, sic imbrifer arcus
Sic tellus pluvias sole perusta bibit
Sic bibit assiduè fontes et flumina Pontus,
Sic semper sitiens Sol maris haurit aquas.
Ne te igitur jactes plus me, Silene, bibisse;
Et mihi da victas tu quoque, Bacche, manus.
Hippolytus Capilupus.

While life was mine, the little hour
In drinking still unvaried flew;
I drank as earth imbibes the shower,
Or as the rainbow drinks the dew;

As ocean quaffs the rivers up,
Or flushing sun inhales the sea:
Silenus trembled at my cup,
And Bacchus was outdone by me!

The vapours which at evening weep,
Are beverage to the swelling deep;
And when the rosy sun appears,
He drinks the ocean's misty tears.
The moon too quaffs her paly stream
Of lustre, from the solar beam.
Then, hence with all your sober thinking!
Since Nature's holy law is drinking;
I'll make the laws of nature mine,
And pledge the universe in wine!

ODE XXII.*

The Phrygian rock, that braves the storm,
Was once a weeping matron's form;
And Progne, hapless, frantic maid,
Is now a swallow in the shade.

I cannot omit citing those remarkable lines of Shakspeare, where the thoughts of the ode are preserved with such striking similitude:

TIMON, ACT IV.

I'll example you with thievery.
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea. The moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun.
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The mounds into salt tears. The earth's a thief,
That feeds, and breeds by a composture stol'n
From general excrements.

* Ogilvie, in his Essay on the Lyric Poetry of the Ancients, in remarking upon the Odes of Anacreon,

Oh! that a mirror's form were mine,
To sparkle with that smile divine;
And like my heart I then should be,
Reflecting thee, and only thee!
Or were I, love, the robe which flows
O'er every charm that secret glows,

says, "In some of his pieces there is exuberance and even wildness of imagination; in that particularly, which is addressed to a young girl, where he wishes alternately to be transformed to a mirror, a coat, a stream, a bracelet, and a pair of shoes, for the different purposes which he recites; this is mere sport and wantonness."

It is the wantonness however of a very graceful Muse; ludit amabiliter. The compliment of this ode is exquisitely delicate, and so singular for the period in which Anacreon lived, when the scale of love had not yet been graduated into all its little progressive refinements, that if we are inclined to question the authenticity of the poem, we should find a much more plausible argument in the features of modern gallantry which it bears, than in any of those fastidious conjectures upon which some commentators have presumed so far. Degen thinks it spurious, and De Pauw pronounces it to be miserable. Longepierre and Barnes refer us to several imitations of this ode from which I shall only select an epigram of Dionysius:

Ειθ' ανεμος γενομην, συ δε γε τειχεσα παρ' αυγας.
Στηθεα γυμνωσαις, και με φυσοντα λαβοις.
Ειθε ροδον γενομην ὑποπορφυρον, οφρα με χερσιν
Αραμενη, πομισαις σεθεν χιονεοις.
Ειθε κρηνον γενομην λευκοχροον, οφρα με χερσιν
Αραμενη, μαλλον σης χροτεης κορεσης.

In many a lucid fold to swim,
And cling and grow to every limb!
Oh! could I, as the streamlet's wave,
Thy warmly-mellowing beauties lave,
Or float as perfume on thine hair,
And breathe my soul in fragrance there!

I wish I could like zephyr steal
To wanton o'er thy mazy vest;
And thou wouldst ope thy bosom veil,
And take me panting to thy breast!

I wish I might a rose-bud grow,
And thou wouldst call me from the bower,
And place me on that breast of snow,
Where I should bloom a wintry flower.

I wish I were the lily's leaf,
To fade upon that bosom warm;
There I should wither, pale and brief,
The trophy of thy fairer form!

Allow me to add, that Plato has expressed as fanciful a wish in a distich preserved by Laertius:

Αστερας εισαθρεις, αστηρ εμος, ειθε γενοιμην
Ουρανος, ὡς πολλοις ομμασιν εις σε βλεπω.

TO STELLA.

Why dost thou gaze upon the sky?
Oh! that I were that spangled sphere,
And every star should be an eye,
To wander on thy beauties here!

Apuleius quotes this epigram of the divine philosopher, to justify himself for his verses in Critias and Charinus. See his Apology, where he also adduces

I wish I were the zone, that lies
Warm to thy breast, and feels its sighs!
Or like those envious pearls that show
So faintly round that neck of snow,
Yes, I would be a happy gem,
Like them to hang, to fade like them.
What more would thy Anacreon be?
Oh! any thing that touches thee.
Nay, sandals for those airy feet—
Thus to be press'd by thee were sweet!

the example of Anacreon; "Fecere tamen et alii talia, et si vos ignoratis, apud Græcos Teius quidam," etc. etc.

I wish I were the zone, that lies
Warm to thy breast, and feels its sighs.] This ταινία was a riband, or band, called by the Romans fascia and strophium, which the women wore for the purpose of restraining the exuberance of the bosom. Vide Polluc. Onomast. Thus Martial:

Fasciâ crescentes dominæ compesce papillas.

The women of Greece not only wore this zone, but condemned themselves to fasting, and made use of certain drugs and powders for the same purpose. To these expedients they were compelled, in consequence of their inelegant fashions of compressing the waist into a very narrow compass, which necessarily caused an excessive tumidity in the bosom. See Dioscorides, lib. v.

Nay, sandals for those airy feet—
Thus to be press'd by thee were sweet!] The sophist Philostratus, in one of his love letters, has borrowed this thought; φ αδεσοι ποδες, ω καλλος υλεω!

ODE XIII.*

I OFTEN wish this languid lyre,
This warbler of my soul's desire,
Could raise the breath of song sublime,
To men of fame, in former time.
But when the soaring theme I try,
Along the chords my numbers die,
And whisper, with dissolving tone,
"Our sighs are given to love alone!"

θερος. ω τρισευδαι μαν εγω και μακαριος εαν πατησητε με. "Oh lovely feet! oh excellent beauty! oh! thrice and blessed should I be, if you would but tread on me!" In Shakspeare, Romeo desires to be a glove:

> Oh! that I were a glove upon that hand,
> That I might kiss that cheek!

And, in his Passionate Pilgrim, we meet with an idea somewhat like that of the thirteenth line:

> He, spying her, bounc'd in, where as he stood,
> "O Jove!" quoth she, "why was not I a flood?"

* This ode is first in the series of all the editions, and is thought to be peculiarly designed as an introduction to the rest; it however characterizes the genius of the Teian but very inadequately, as wine, the burden of his lays, is not even mentioned in it.

——cum multo Venerem confundere mero
Precepit Lyrici Teia Musa senis. *Ovid.*

Indignant at the feeble lay,
I tore the panting chords away,
Attun'd them to a nobler swell,
And struck again the breathing shell;
In all the glow of epic fire,
To Hercules I wake the lyre!
But still its fainting sighs repeat,
"The tale of love alone is sweet!"
Then fare thee well seductive dream,
That mad'st me follow Glory's theme;

The twenty-sixth Ode, συ μεν λεγεις τα Θεΐδος, might with as much propriety, be the harbinger of his songs.

Bion has expressed the sentiments of the ode before us with much simplicity in his fourth idyl. I have given it rather paraphrastically; it has been so frequently translated, that I could not otherwise avoid triteness and repetition.

In all the glow of epic fire,

To Hercules I wake the lyre!] Madame Dacier generally translates λυρη into a lute, which I believe is rather inaccurate. "D'expliquer la lyre des anciens (says Monsieur Sorel) par un luth, c'est ignorer la différence qu'il y a entre ces deux instrumens de musique." Bibliothèque Française.

But still its fainting sighs repeat,

"*The tale of love alone is sweet!*"] The word αντεφωνει in the original, may imply that kind of musical dialogue practised by the ancients, in which the lyre was made to respond to the questions proposed by the singer. This was a method which Sappho used, as we are told by Hermogenes: "ὁταν την λυραν ερωτα Σαπφω και ὁταν αὐτη αποκρινηται." Περι ιδεων. Τομ, ειυτ.

For thou my lyre, and thou my heart,
Shall never more in spirit part;
And thou the flame shalt feel as well
As thou the flame shalt sweetly tell!

ODE XXIV.*

To all that breathe the airs of heaven,
Some boon of strength has Nature given.

* Henry Stephen has imitated the idea of this ode in the following lines of one of his poems:

Provida dat cunctis Natura animantibus arma,
Et sua fœmineum possidet arma genus,
Ungulâque ut defendit equum, atque ut cornua taurum,
Armata est formâ fœmina pulchra suâ.

And the same thought occurs in those lines, spoken by Corisca in Pastor Fido:

Così noi la bellezza
Che 'è vertu nostra così propria, come
La forza del leone
E l' ingegno de l' huomo.

The lion boasts his savage powers,
And lordly man his strength of mind;
But beauty's charm is solely ours,
Peculiar boon, by Heav'n assign'd!

"An elegant explication of the beauties of this ode (says Degen) may be found in Grimm en den Anmerkk. Veber einige Oden des Anakr."

When the majestic bull was born,
She fenc'd his brow with wreathed horn.
She arm'd the courser's foot of air,
And wing'd with speed the panting hare.
She gave the lion fangs of terror,
And on the ocean's crystal mirror,
Taught the unnumber'd scaly throng
To trace their liquid path along;
While for the umbrage of the grove,
She plum'd the warbling world of love.
To man she gave the flame refin'd,
The spark of heav'n—a thinking mind!
And had she no surpassing treasure,
For thee, oh woman! child of pleasure?
She gave thee beauty—shaft of eyes,
That every shaft of war outflies!

To man she gave the flame refin'd,
The spark of heav'n—a thinking mind!] In my first attempt to translate this ode, I had interpreted φρονημα, with Baxter and Barnes, as implying courage and military virtue; but I do not think that the gallantry of the idea suffers by the import which I have now given to it. For, why need we consider this possession of wisdom as exclusive? and in truth, as the design of Anacreon is to estimate the treasure of beauty, above all the rest which Nature has distributed, it is perhaps even refining upon the delicacy of the compliment, to prefer the radiance of female charms to the cold illumination of wisdom and prudence; and to think that women's eyes are

——the books, the academies,
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.

She gave thee beauty—blush of fire,
That bids the flame of war retire!
Woman! be fair, we must adore thee;
Smile, and a world is weak before thee!

ODE XXV.*

Once in each revolving year,
Gentle bird we find thee here.

She gave thee beauty—shaft of eyes,
That every shaft of war outflies!] Thus Achilles Tatius: καλλος οξυτερον τιτρωσκει βελους και δια των οφθαλμων εις την ψυχην καταρρει. Οφθαλμος γαρ οδος ερωτικων τραυματι. "Beauty wounds more swiftly than the arrow, and passes through the eye to the very soul; for the eye is the inlet to the wounds of love."

Woman! be fair, we must adore thee;
Smile, and a world is weak before thee!] Longepierre's remark here is very ingenious: "The Romans," says he, "were so convinced of the power of beauty, that they used a word implying strength in the place of the epithet beautiful. Thus Plautus, act 2, scene 2, Bacchid.

Sed Bacchis etiam fortis tibi visa.

'Fortis, id est formosa,' say Servius and Nonius."

* This is another ode addressed to the swallow. Alberti has imitated both in one poem, beginning

Perch 'io pianga al tuo canto
Rondinella importuna, etc.

When Nature wears her summer-vest,
Thou com'st to weave thy simple nest;
But when the chilling winter lowers,
Again thou seek'st the genial bowers
Of Memphis, or the shores of Nile,
Where sunny hours of verdure smile.
And thus thy wing of freedom roves,
Alas! unlike the plumed loves,
That linger in this hapless breast,
And never, never change their nest!
Still every year, and all the year,
A flight of loves engender here;
And some their infant plumage try,
And on a tender winglet fly;
While in the shell, impregn'd with fires,
Cluster a thousand more desires;

Alas! unlike the plumed loves,
That linger in this hapless breast,
And never, never change their nest!] Thus Love is represented as a bird, in an epigram cited by Longepierre from the Anthologia:

Αιει μοι δυνει μεν εν κασιν ηχος ερωτος,
Ομμα δε σιγα κοιθοις το γλυκυ δακρυ φερει.
Ουδ' ἡ νυξ ου φεγγος εκοιμισεν, αλλ' ὑπο φιλτρων
Ηδε και κραδιη γνωστος ενεστι τυπος.
Ω κοτανοι, μη και κοτ' ερικτασθαι μιν ερωτες
Οιδατ', αποκτειναι δ' ηθ' ὁσον ισχυουσι;

'Tis love that murmurs in my breast,
And makes me shed the secret tear;
Nor day nor night my heart has rest,
For night and day his voice I hear.

Some from their tiny prisons peeping,
And some in formless embryo sleeping,
My bosom, like the vernal groves,
Resounds with little warbling loves;
One urchin imps the other's feather,
Then twin-desires they wing together,
And still as they have learn'd to soar,
The wanton babies teem with more.
But is there then no kindly art,
To chase these cupids from my heart?
No, no! I fear, alas! I fear
They will for ever nestle here!

ODE XXVI.*

Thy harp may sing of Troy's alarms,
Or tell the tale of Theban arms;
With other wars my song shall burn,
For other wounds my harp shall mourn.

A wound within my heart I find,
And oh! 'tis plain where love has been;
For still he leaves a wound behind,
Such as within my heart is seen.

Oh bird of love! with song so drear,
Make not my soul the nest of pain;
Oh! let the wing which brought thee here,
In pity waft thee hence again!

* "The German poet Uz has imitated this ode. Compare also Weisse Scherz. Lieder. lib. iii. der Soldat." Gail, Degen.

'Twas not the crested warrior's dart,
Which drank the current of my heart;
Nor naval arms, nor mailed steed,
Have made this vanquish'd bosom bleed;
No—from an eye of liquid blue,
A host of quiver'd cupids flew;
And now my heart all bleeding lies
Beneath this army of the eyes.

ODE XXVII.*

We read the flying courser's name
Upon his side, in marks of flame;

No—from an eye of liquid blue,
A host of quiver'd cupids flew;] Longepierre has quoted part of an epigram from the seventh book of the Anthologia, which has a fancy something like this:

Ου με λελυθας.
Τοξοτα, Ζηνοφιλας ομμασι κρυπτομενος.

Archer Love! though slily creeping,
Well I know where thou dost lie;
I saw thee through the curtain peeping,
That fringes Zenophelia's eye.

The poets abound with conceits on the archery of the eyes, but few have turned the thought so naturally as Anacreon. Ronsard gives to the eyes of his mistress "un petit camp d'amours."

* This ode forms a part of the preceding in the Vaticau MS. but I have conformed to the editions in translating them separately.

And, by their turban'd brows alone,
The warriors of the East are known.
But in the lover's glowing eyes,
The inlet to his bosom lies;
Through them we see the small faint mark,
Where Love has dropp'd his burning spark!

"Compare with this (says Degen) the poem of Ramler Wahrzeichen der Liebe, in Lyr. Blumenlese, lib. iv. p. 313."

But in the lover's glowing eyes,
The inlet to his bosom lies;] "We cannot see into the heart," says Madame Dacier. But the lover answers—

Il cor ne gil occhi et ne la fronte ho scritto.

Monsieur La Fosse has given the following lines, as enlarging on the thought of Anacreon:

Lorsque je vois un amant,
Il cache en vain son tourment,
A le trahir tout conspire,
Sa langueur, son embarras,
Tout ce qu'il peut faire ou dire,
Même ce qu'il ne dit pas.

In vain the lover tries to veil
The flame which in his bosom lies;
His cheek's confusion tells the tale,
We read it in his languid eyes;
And though his words the heart betray,
His silence speaks e'en more than they.

ODE XXVIII.*

As in the Lemnian caves of fire,
The mate of her who nurs'd desire,
Moulded the glowing steel, to form
Arrows for Cupid, thrilling warm;
While Venus every barb imbues
With droppings of her honied dews;
And Love (alas! the victim-heart)
Tinges with gall the burning dart;

* This ode is referred to by La Mothe le V: who, I believe, was the author of that curious work, called "Hexameron Rustique." He make of this, as well as the thirty-fifth, in his ingenioa indelicate explanation of Homer's cave of the Nyr Journée Quatrième.

And Love (alas! the victim-heart)
Tinges with gall the burning dart;] Thus (dian—

Labuntur gemini fontes, hic dulcis, amarus.
Alter, et infusis corrumpit mella venenis,
Unde Cupidineas armavit fama sagittas.

In Cyprus' isle two rippling fountains fall,
And one with honey flows, and one with gal
In these, if we may take the tale from fame
The son of Venus dips his darts of flame.

See the ninety-first emblem of Alciatus, on the connexion which subsists between sweet and b ness. Apes ideo pungunt (says Petronius) qui dulce, ibi et acidum invenies.

Once, to this Lemnian cave of flame,
The crested Lord of battles came;
'Twas from the ranks of war he rush'd,
His spear with many a life-drop blush'd!
He saw the mystic darts, and smil'd
Derision on the archer-child.
"And dost thou smile?" said little Love;
"Take this dart, and thou may'st prove,
"That though they pass the breeze's flight,
"My bolts are not so feathery light."
He took the shaft—and, oh! thy look,
Sweet Venus! when the shaft he took—
He sigh'd, and felt the urchin's art;
He sigh'd, in agony of heart,
"It is not light—I die with pain!
"Take—take thy arrow back again."
"No," said the child, "it must not be,
"That little dart was made for thee!

The allegorical description of Cupid's employment, in Horace, may vie with this before us in fancy, though not in delicacy:

——Ferus et Cupido
Semper ardentes acuens sagittas
Cote cruentâ.

And Cupid, sharpening all his fiery darts,
Upon a whetstone stain'd with blood of hearts.

Secundus has borrow'd this, but has somewhat softened the image by the omission of the epithet "cruentâ."

Fallor an ardentes acuebat cote sagittas. Eleg. t.

750368 A

Yes—loving is a painful thrill,
And not to love more painful still; etc.] Mor Menage, in the following Anacreontic, enforce necessity of loving.

Περι τε δειν φιλησαι.
Προς Πετρον Δανιηλα Τεττον.
Μεγα δαυμα των αοιδων
Χαριτων θαλος Τεττε,
Φιλεωμεν ω ἑταιρε.
Φιλεησαν οἱ σοφισαι.
Φιλεησε σεμνος ανηρ,
Το τεκνον τε Σωφρονισκε,
Σοφιης πατηρ απασης.
Τι δ' ανευ γενοιτ' Ερωτος;
Ακοτη μεν εστι ψυχης.*
Πτερυγεσσιν εις Ολυμπον
Καταπειμενης ανταιρει.
Βραδεας τετυγμενοισι
Βελεεσσις εξαγειρει
Πυοι λαμπαδας φαεινω

But surely 'tis the worst of pain,
To love and not be lov'd again.

Φιλωμεν κ' ΤΕΤΤΕ,
Φιλεωμεν ω εταιρε.
Αδικως δε λοιδορεντι
Αγιες ερωτας ημων
Κακον ευξομαι το μεγιστον
Ἵνα μη δυναιτ' εκεινος
Φιλειν τε και φιλεισθαι

TO PETER DANIEL HUETT.

Thou! of tuneful bards the first,
Thou! by all the graces nurst;
Friend! each other friend above,
Come with me, and learn to love,
Loving is a simple lore,
Graver men have learn'd before;
Nay, the boast of former ages,
Wisest of the wisest sages,
Sophroniscus' prudent son,
Was by love's illusion won.
Oh! how heavy life would move,
If we knew not how to love!
Love's a whetstone to the mind;
Thus 'tis pointed, thus refin'd.
When the soul dejected lies,
Love can waft it to the skies;
When in languor sleeps the heart,
Love can wake it with his dart;
When the mind is dull and dark,
Love can light it with his spark!
Come, oh! come then, let us haste
All the bliss of Love to taste:
Let us love both night and day,
Let us love our lives away!

The pulse of social life is dead,
And all its fonder feelings fled!
War too has sullied Nature's chai
For gold provokes the world to ar
And oh! the worst of all its art,
I feel it breaks the lover's heart!

ODE XXX.*

'Twas in an airy dream of night,
I fancied, that I wing'd my flight

And when hearts, from loving free,
(If indeed such hearts there be,)
Frown upon our gentle flame,
And the sweet delusion blame;
This shall be my only curse.

On pinions fleeter than the wind,
While little Love, whose feet were twin'd
(I know not why) with chains of lead,
Pursued me as I trembling fled;
Pursued—and could I e'er have thought?—
Swift as the moment I was caught!
What does the wanton Fancy mean
By such a strange illusive scene?
I fear she whispers to my breast,
That you my girl have stol'n my rest;
That though my fancy for a while,
Has hung on many a woman's smile,
I soon dissolv'd the passing vow,
And ne'er was caught by love till now!

ODE XXXI.*

Arm'd with a hyacinthine rod,
(Arms enough for such a god,)

less that I agree in the opinion of Madame Dacier, in her life of the poet, that he was always too fond of pleasure to marry.

* The design of this little fiction is to intimate, that much greater pain attends insensibility than can ever result from the tenderest impressions of love. Longepierre has quoted an ancient epigram (I do not know where he found it,) which has similitude to this ode:

Lecto compositus, vix prima silentia noctis
Carpebam, et somno lumina victa dabam;
Cum me sævus Amor prensum, sursumque capillis
Excitat et lacerum pervigilare jubet.

[illegible] ego, solus, dure jacere potei
Exilio et pedibus nudis, tunicaque s
Omne iter impedio, nullum iter e
Nunc propero, nunc ire piget; rurs
Pœnitet; et pudor est stare via n
Ecce tacent voces hominum, strepit
Et volucrum cantus, turbaque fidi
Solus ego ex cunctis paveo somnum
Et sequor imperium, sæve Cupid

Upon my couch I lay, at night profc
My languid eyes in magic slumber l
When Cupid came and snatch'd me
And forc'd me many a weary way t
"What! (said the god) shall you,
known,
Who love so many nymphs, thus slee
I rise and follow; all the night I stra
Unshelter'd, trembling, doubtful of n
Tracing with naked foot the painful
Loth to proceed, yet fearful to go ba

And now my soul, exhausted, dying,
To my lip was faintly flying;
And now I thought the spark had fled,
When Cupid hover'd o'er my head,
And fanning light his breezy plume,
Recall'd me from my languid gloom;
Then said, in accents half reproving,
"Why hast thou been a foe to loving?"

the former is partially authorized by the MS. which reads πτερον ἰδρως.

And now my soul, exhausted, dying,

To my lips was faintly flying; etc.] In the original, he says, his heart flew to his nose; but our manner more naturally transfers it to the lips. Such is the effect that Plato tells us he felt from a kiss, in a distich, quoted by Aulus Gellius:

Την ψυχην Αγαθωνα φιλων, οτι χειλεσιν εσχον
Ηλθε γαρ ἡ τλημων ὡς διαβησομενη.

Whene'er thy nectar'd kiss I sip,
And drink thy breath in melting twine,
My soul then flutters to my lip,
Ready to fly and mix with thine.

Aulus Gellius subjoins a paraphrase of this epigram, in which we find many of those mignardises of expression, which mark the effemination of the Latin language.

And fanning light his breezy plume,

Recall'd me from my languid gloom;] "The facility with which Cupid recovers him, signifies that the sweets of love make us easily forget any solicitudes which he may occasion." La Fosse.

Let me the [illegible]
In this delicious hour of joy
Young Love shall be my goblet-boy;

* We here have the poet in his true at
reclining upon myrtles, with Cupid for h
bearer. Some interpreters have ruined t
ture by making Ἔρως the name of his slave
but love should fill the goblet of Anacreon.
has assigned this office to Venus, in a fi
Ἔλθε, Κυπρι, χρυσειαισιν ἐν κυλικεσσιν
συμμεμιγμενον θαλιαισι νεκταρ οἰνοχοευσα
τοις ἑταιροις ἐμοις γε και σοις.

Which may be thus paraphrased:

Hither, Venus! queen of kisses,
This shall be the night of blisses!
This the night, to friendship dear,
Thou shalt be our Hebe here.
Fill the golden brimmer high,
Let it sparkle in thine eye!
Bid the rosy current gush,
Let it mantle like thy blush!

Folding his little golden vest,
With cinctures, round his snowy breast,
Himself shall hover by my side,
And minister the racy tide!
Swift as the wheels that kindling roll,
Our life is hurrying to the goal:
A scanty dust, to feed the wind,
Is all the trace 'twill leave behind.
Why do we shed the rose's bloom
Upon the cold insensate tomb?
Can flowery breeze, or odour's breath,
Affect the slumbering chill of death?
No, no; I ask no balm to steep
With fragrant tears my bed of sleep;
But now, while every pulse is glowing,
Now let me breathe the balsam flowing;
Now let the rose, with blush of fire,
Upon my brow its scent expire;
And bring the nymph with floating eye,
Oh! she will teach me how to die!
Yes, Cupid! ere my soul retire,
To join the blest elysian choir,
With wine, and love, and blisses dear,
I'll make my own elysium here!

ODE XXXIII.*

'Twas noon of night, when round the pole
The sullen Bear is seen to roll;

* Monsieur Bernard, the author of l'Art d'aimer, has written a ballet, called "Les Surprises de

And mortals, wearied with the day,
Are slumbering all their cares away:
An infant, at that dreary hour,
Came weeping to my silent bower,
And wak'd me with a piteous prayer,
To save him from the midnight air!
"And who art thou," I waking cry,
"That bid'st my blissful visions fly?"
"O gentle sire!" the infant said,
"In pity take me to thy shed;
"Nor fear deceit: a lonely child
"I wander o'er the gloomy wild.
"Chill drops the rain, and not a ray
"Illumes the drear and misty way!"
I hear the baby's tale of woe;
I hear the bitter night-winds blow;
And sighing for his piteous fate,
I trimm'd my lamp and op'd the gate.
'Twas Love! the little wandering sprite,
His pinion sparkled through the night!

l'Amour," in which the subject of the third entrée is Anacreon, and the story of this ode suggests one of the scenes. Œuvres de Bernard. Anac. scene 4th.

The German annotator refers us here to an imitation by Uz, lib. iii. "Amor und sein Bruder," and a poem of Kleist die Heilung. La Fontaine has translated, or rather imitated, this ode.

"*And who art thou,*" *I waking cry,*

"*That bid'st my blissful visions fly?*"] Anacreon appears to have been a voluptuary even in dreaming, by the lively regret which he expresses at being disturbed from his visionary enjoyments. See the odes x. and xxxvii.

I knew him by his bow and dart;
I knew him by my fluttering heart!
I take him in, and fondly raise
The dying embers' cheering blaze;
Press from his dank and clinging hair
The crystals of the freezing air,
And in my hand and bosom hold
His little fingers thrilling cold.
And now the embers' genial ray
Had warm'd his anxious fears away;
"I pray thee," said the wanton child,
(My bosom trembled as he smil'd,)
"I pray thee let me try my bow,
"For through the rain I've wander'd so,
"That much I fear the ceaseless shower
"Has injur'd its elastic power."
The fatal bow the urchin drew;
Swift from the string the arrow flew;
Oh! swift it flew as glancing flame,
And to my very soul it came!
"Fare thee well," I heard him say,
As laughing wild he wing'd away;
"Fare thee well, for now I know
"The rain has not relax'd my bow;
"It still can send a madd'ning dart,
"As thou shalt own with all thy heart!"

'Twas Love! the little wandering sprite, etc.] See the beautiful description of Cupid, by Moschus, in his first idyl.

ODE XXXIV.*

Oh thou, of all creation blest,
Sweet insect! that delight'st to rest
Upon the wild wood's leafy tops,
To drink the dew that morning drops,
And chirp thy song with such a glee,
That happiest kings may envy thee!

* Father Rapin, in a Latin ode addressed to t grasshopper, has preserved some of the thoughts of a author:

O quæ virenti graminis in toro,
Cicada, blande sidis, et herbidos
Saltus oberras, otiosos
Ingeniosa ciere cantus.
Seu forte adultis floribus incubas,
Coeli caducis ebria fletibus, etc.

Oh thou, that on the grassy bed
Which Nature's vernal hand has spread,
Reclinest soft and tun'st thy song,
The dewy herbs and leaves among!
Whether thou ly'st on springing flowers,
Drunk with the balmy morning-showers,
Or, etc.

See what Licetus says about grasshoppers, cap. and 185.

And chirp thy song with such a glee, etc.] "Se authors have affirmed (says Madame Dacier, that i only male grasshoppers which sing, and that the males are silent; and on this circumstance is foun a bon-mot of Xenarchus, the comic poet, who s

αὐτ' εἰσιν οἱ τεττιγες εκ ευδαιμονες, ἂν ταις γυναι

Whatever decks the velvet field,
Whate'er the circling seasons yield;
Whatever buds, whatever blows,
For thee it buds, for thee it grows,
Nor yet art thou the peasant's fear,
To him thy friendly notes are dear;
For thou art mild as matin dew,
And still, when summer's flowery hue
Begins to paint the bloomy plain,
We hear thy sweet prophetic strain;
Thy sweet prophetic strain we hear,
And bless the note and thee revere!
The Muses love thy shrilly tone;
Apollo calls thee all his own;
'Twas he who gave that voice to thee,
'Tis he who tunes thy minstrelsy.

ᾧδ' οτι κν φωνης ενι; "are not the grasshoppers happy in having dumb wives?" This note is originally Henry Stephen's; but I chose rather to make Madame Dacier my authority for it.

The Muses love thy shrilly tone; etc.] Phile, de Animal. Proprietat. calls this insect Μουσαις φιλος, the darling of the Muse: and Μουσων ορνις, the bird of the Muses; and we find Plato compared for his eloquence to the grasshopper, in the following punning lines of Timon, preserved by Diogenes Laertius:

Των παντων δ' ηγειτο πλατυστατος, αλλ' αγοραστης
Ηδυεπης τεττιξιν ισογραφος, οιθ' ικαδημυ
Ανθρεα ιριζομενοι οπα λειριοεσσαν ιεσι.

This last line is borrowed from Homer's Iliad, γ. where there occurs the very same simile.

So blest an age is pass'd by th
Thou seem'st—a little deity!"

ODE XXXV

CUPID once upon a bed
Of roses laid his weary head;
Luckless urchin, not to see
Within the leaves a slumberin

Melodious insect! child of eart
has quoted the two first lines of a
pater, from the first book of the An
prefers the grasshopper to the swan

Αρκει τεττιγας μεθυσαι δροσος
Ασιδειν κυκνων σισι γιγαντοι

The bee awak'd—with anger wild
The bee awak'd, and stung the child.

Spencer, in one of his smaller compositions, has sported more diffusely on the same subject. The poem to which I allude, begins thus:

Upon a day as Love lay sweetly slumbering
All in his mother's lap;
A gentle bee, with his loud trumpet murmuring,
About him flew by hap, etc. etc.

In Almeloveen's collection of epigrams, there is one by Luxorious, correspondent somewhat with the turn of Anacreon, where love complains to his mother of being wounded by a rose.

The ode before us is the very flower of simplicity. The infantine complainings of the little god, and the natural and impressive reflections which they draw from Venus, are beauties of inimitable grace. I hope I shall be pardoned for introducing another Greek Anacreontic of Monsieur Menage, not for its similitude to the subject of this ode, but for some faint traces of this natural simplicity, which it appears to me to have preserved:

Ερως ποτ' εν χορειαις
Των παρθενων ποτον
Την μοι φιλην Κορινναν
Ως ειδεν, ὡς αρος αυτην
Προσεδραμε· τραχηλω
Διδυμας τε χειρας απταν
Φιλει με, μητερ, ειπε.
Καλαμενη Κορινναι,
Μητηρ, ερυθιαζει,
Ως παρθενος μεν εστα.

Κοραν τε και Κορινναν
Διαγνωσαι υκ εχυσι
Και οι βλεπωντες οξυ.

The flowret of the virgin train,
My soul's Corinna lightly play'd,
Young Cupid saw the graceful mai
He saw and in a moment flew,
And round her neck his arms he th
"Oh! kiss me, mother, kiss thy bo
And said, with smiles of infant joy,
As dancing o'er the enammell'd pl
Unconscious of a mother's name,
The modest virgin blush'd with sha
And angry Cupid scarce believing
That vision could be so deceiving,
Thus to mistake his Cyprian dame,
The little infant blush'd with shame
"Be not asham'd, my boy," I cried,
For I was lingering by his side;

"Oh! mother!—I am wounded through—
"I die with pain—in sooth I do!
"Stung by some little angry thing,
"Some serpent on a tiny wing—
"A bee it was—for once I know
"I heard a rustic call it so,"
Thus he spoke, and she the while
Heard him with a soothing smile;
Then said, "My infant, if so much
"Thou feel the little wild-bee's touch,
"How must the heart, ah, Cupid! be,
"The hapless heart that's stung by thee!

ODE XXXVI.*

If hoarded gold possess'd a power
To lengthen life's too fleeting hour,
And purchase from the hand of death
A little span, a moment's breath,
How I would love the precious ore!
And every day should swell my store;
That when the Fates would send their minion,
To waft me off on shadowy pinion,

* Monsieur Fontenelle has translated this ode, in his dialogue between Anacreon and Aristotle in the shades, where he bestows the prize of wisdom upon the poet.

"The German imitators of it are, Lessing, in his poem Gestern Brüder, etc." Gleim, in the ode "An den Tod," and Schmidt in der Poet. Blumenl. Gotting. 1783, p. 7." Degen.

And why should I then pant fc
Mine be the brilliant round of
The goblet rich, the board of
Whose flowing souls the goble

That when the Fates would send
To waft me off on shadowy pinio
mentators, who were so fond of di
caprinâ," have been very busy on t
phrase ἐν αὐ θανεῖν ἐπελθῇ, The
Θανατος ἐπελθῇ, which De Medenb
Amœnitates Litterariæ, was alrea
Fevre, who seldom suggests any th
The goblet rich the board of frien
Whose flowing souls the goblet ble
munion of friendship, which sweet
Anacreon, has not been forgotten by
following scholium, where the ble
enumerated with proverbial simpli

Mine be the nymph, whose form reposes
Seductive on that bed of roses;
And oh! be mine the soul's excess,
Expiring in her warm caress!

ODE XXXVII.*

'Twas night, and many a circling bowl
Had deeply warm'd my swimming soul;
As lull'd in slumber I was laid,
Bright visions o'er my fancy play'd!
With virgins blooming as the dawn,
I seem'd to trace the opening lawn;

* Compare with this ode the beautiful poem "der Traum of Uz." Degen.

Monsieur Le Fevre in a note upon this ode, enters into an elaborate and learned justification of drunkenness; and this is probably the cause of the severe reprehension which I believe he suffered for his Anacreon. "Fuit olim fateor, (says he in a note upon Longinus,) cum Sapphonem amabam. Sed ex quo illa me perditissima fœmina pene miserum perdidit cum sceleratissimo suo congerrone (Anacreontem dico, si nescis Lector,) noli sperare, etc. etc." He adduces on this ode the authority of Plato, who allowed ebriety, at the Dionysian festivals, to men arrived at their fortieth year. He likewise quotes the following line from Alexis, which he says no one who is not totally ignorant of the world, can hesitate to confess the truth of:

Ουδεις φιλοποτης εστιν ανθρωπος κακος.

"No lover of drinking was ever a vicious man."

And still I flew—and now I c
The panting nymphs, and fon
To kiss—when all my dream
Dimpled girls and ruddy boys
All were gone! "Alas!" I s
Sighing for th' illusions fled,
"Sleep! again my joys restor
"Oh! let me dream them o'e

—when all my dream of joys,
Dimpled girls and ruddy boys,
All were gone!] "Nonnus says
in the same words that Anacreon u

Ἐγερμενος δε
Παρθενον ουκ' ελιχνευε, και ανθελεν

Waking he lost the phantom's
He found no beauty in his arms
Again to slumber he essay'd,
Again to clasp the shadowy

ODE XXXVIII.*

us drain the nectar'd bowl,
us raise the song of soul
him, the god who loves so well
nectar'd bowl, the choral swell!
ı, who instructs the sons of earth
thrid the tangled dance of mirth;
ı, who nurs'd with infant Love,
l cradled in the Paphian grove;
ı, that the snowy Queen of Charms
fondled in her twining arms.
m him that dream of transport flows,
ich sweet intoxication knows;
h him the brow forgets to darkle,
l brilliant graces learn to sparkle.
old! my boys a goblet bear,
ose sunny foam bedews the air.
ere are now the tear, the sigh?
the winds they fly, they fly!

that when Caliban, after a pleasing dream, says,
ried to sleep again,' the author imitates Anacreon,
had, like any other man, the same wish on the
e occasion."

"Compare with this beautiful ode the verses of
edorn, 4ib. v. das Gesellschaftliche; and of Bur-
p. 51, etc. etc." Degen.

him, that the snowy Queen of Charms
[*as fondled in her twining arms*] Robertellus,
a the epithalamium of Catullus, mentions an inge-
s derivation of Cytheræa, the name of Venus,
α το κινθειν τους εγωτας, which seems to hint
Love's fairy favours are lost, when not concealed."

Grasp the bowl; in nectar sinking,
Man of sorrow drown thy thinking!
Oh! can the tears we lend to thought
In life's account avail us aught?
Can we discern, with all our lore,
The path we're yet to journey o'er?
No, no, the walk of life is dark,
'Tis wine alone can strike a spark!
Then let me quaff the foaming tide,
And through the dance meandering glide
Let me imbibe the spicy breath
Of odours chaf'd to fragrant death;
Or from the kiss of love inhale
A more voluptuous, richer gale!
To souls that court the phantom Care,
Let him retire and shroud him there;

[*No, no, the walk of life is dark,*
'Tis wine alone can strike a spark!] The b
of life allows arguments for the voluptuary as w
the moralist. Among many parallel passages
Longepierre has adduced, I shall content myself
this epigram from the Anthologia:

Ἀστάμενοι Πρόδικη, πυκασώμεθα, καὶ τὸν ἀκρ
Ἑλκάμεν, κυλίκας μείζονας ἁρμένοι.
Ῥαιὸς ὁ χαίροντων ἐστὶ βίος. εἶτα τὰ λοιπὰ
Γηρᾶς καλύσει, καὶ τὸ τέλος θάνατος.

Of which the following is a loose paraphrase:

Fly my belov'd to yonder stream,
We'll plunge us from the noontide beam
Then cull the rose's humid bud,
And dip it in our goblet's flood.

While we exhaust the nectar'd bowl,
And swell the choral song of soul
To him, the god who loves so well
The nectar'd bowl, the choral swell!

ODE XXXIX.

How I love the festive boy,
Tripping wild the dance of joy?
How I love the mellow sage,
Smiling through the veil of age!
And whene'er this man of years
In the dance of joy appears,
Age is on his temples hung,
But his heart—his heart is young!

Our age of bliss, my nymph shall fly,
As sweet, though passing as that sigh,
Which seems to whisper o'er your lip,
"Come while you may, of rapture sip."
For age will steal the rosy form,
And chill the pulse, which trembles warm!
And death—alas! that hearts, which thrill
Like yours and mine, should e'er be still!

Age is on his temples hung,
But his heart—his heart is young!] Saint Pavin makes the same distinction in a sonnet to a young girl.

Je sais bien que les destinées,
Ont mal compassées nos années
Ne regardez que mon amour.
Peut-être en serez vous ému,
Il est jeune et n'est que du jour,
Belle Iris, que je vous ai vu,

[illegible] when I have
Return no more—alas! n
And all the path I've yet t
I neither know nor ask to
Then surely, Care, thou ca
Thy fetters round a soul lil
No, no, the heart that feels
Can never be a slave to th

Fair and young thou bloo
And I full many a year
But read the heart and no
Thou shalt not find my l

My lovely child; and tho
How [illegible] is little age
For he we[illegible] the very d
That fi[illegible] my eyes o

No, no, the heart that feels with
Can [illegible]

And oh! before the vital thrill,
Which trembles at my heart, is still,
I'll gather Joy's luxuriant flowers,
And gild with bliss my fading hours;
Bacchus shall bid my winter bloom,
And Venus dance me to the tomb!

ODE XLI.

When Spring begems the dewy scene,
How sweet to walk the velvet green,

At length to Fortune, and to you,
Delusive Hope! a last adieu.
The charm that once beguil'd is o'er,
And I have reach'd my destin'd shore!
Away, away, your flattering arts
May now betray some simpler hearts,
And you will smile at their believing,
And they shall weep at your deceiving!

Bacchus shall bid my winter bloom,
And Venus dance me to the tomb!] The same commentator has quoted an epitaph, written upon our poet by Julian, where he makes him give the precepts of good fellowship even from the tomb.

Πολλακι μεν τοδ' ασισα, και εκ τυμβε δε βοησα
Πινετε, πριν ταυτην αμφιβαλησθε κονιν.

This lesson oft in life I sung,
And from my grave I still shall cry,
"Drink, mortal! drink, while time is young,
Ere death has made thee cold as I."

And hear the Zephyr's languid sighs,
As o'er the scented mead he flies!
How sweet to mark the pouting vine;
Ready to fall in tears of wine;
And with the maid, whose every sigh
Is love and bliss, entranc'd to lie
Where the embowering branches meet—
Oh! is not this divinely sweet?

ODE XLII.*

Yes, be the glorious revel mine,
Where humour sparkles from the wine!

And with the maid, whose every sigh Is love and bliss, etc.] Thus Horace:

Quid habes illius, illius
Quæ spirabat amores,
Quæ me surpuerat mihi. Book iv. Od

And does there then remain but this,
And hast thou lost each rosy ray
Of her who breath'd the soul of bliss,
And stole me from myself away?

* The character of Anacreon is here very striki depicted. His love of social, harmonized pleas is expressed with a warmth, amiable and endea Among the epigrams imputed to Anacreon is the lowing; it is the only one worth translation, ar breathes the same sentiments with this ode:

Ου φιλος, ὁς κρητηρι παρα πλεω οινοποτα ζων,
Νεικεα και πολεμον δακρυοεντα λεγει.
Αλλ' ὁστις Μεσσων τε, και αγλαα δωρ' Αφροδ
Ευμμισγων, ερατης μνησκεται ευφροσυνης,

Around me, let the youthful choir
Respond to my beguiling lyre;
And while the red cup circles round,
Mingle in soul as well as sound!
Let the bright nymph, with trembling eye,
Beside me all in blushes lie;
And, while she waves a frontlet fair
Of hyacinth to deck my hair,
Oh! let me snatch her sidelong kisses,
And that shall be my bliss of blisses!
My soul, to festive feeling true,
One pang of envy never knew;
And little has it learn'd to dread
The gall that envy's tongue can shed.
Away—I hate the slanderous dart,
Which steals to wound th' unwary heart;
And oh! I hate, with all my soul,
Discordant clamours o'er the bowl,
Where every cordial heart should be
Attun'd to peace and harmony.
Come, let us hear the soul of song
Expire the silver harp along;
And through the dance's ringlet move,
With maiden s mellowing into love:

When to the lip the brimming cup is prest,
And hearts are all afloat upon the stream;
Then banish from my board the unpolish'd guest,
Who makes the feats of war his barbarous theme.

But bring the man who o'er his goblet wreathes
The Muse's laurel with the Cyprian flower;
Oh! give me him whose heart expansive breathes
All the refinements of the social hour.

Thus simply happy, thus at peace,
Sure such a life should never cease!

ODE XLIII.

WHILE our rosy fillets shed
Blushes o'er each fervid head,
With many a cup and many a smile
The festal moments we beguile.
And while the harp, impassion'd, flings
Tuneful rapture from the strings,

And while the harp, impassion'd, flings,
Tuneful rapture from the strings, etc.] On the l
biton a host of authorities may be collected, whi
after all, leave us ignorant of the nature of the ins
ment. There is scarcely any point upon which we
so totally uninformed as the music of the ancients.
authors* extant upon the subject, are, I imagine, li
understood: but certainly if one of their modes wa
progression by quarter tones, which we are told
the nature of the enharmonic scale, simplicity was
no means the characteristic of their melody; for
is a nicety of progression of which modern music is
susceptible.

The invention of the barbiton is, by Athenæus, a
buted to Anacreon. See his fourth book, where i
called το ἐυρημα τε Αναχρεοντος. Neanthes of
zicus, as quoted by Gyraldus, asserts the same.
Chabot. in Horat. on the words 'Lesboum barbite
in the first ode.

* Collected by Meibomius.

Some airy nymph, with fluent limbs,
Through the dance luxuriant swims,
Waving in her snowy hand,
The leafy Bacchanalian wand,
Which, as the tripping wanton flies,
Shakes its tresses to her sighs!
A youth the while, with loosen'd hair,
Floating on the listless air,
Sings to the wild harp's tender tone,
A tale of woes, alas! his own!
And then, what nectar in his sigh,
As o'er his lip the murmurs die!
Surely never yet has been
So divine, so blest a scene!
Has Cupid left the starry sphere,
To wave his golden tresses here?

And then, what nectar in his sigh,
As o'er his lip the murmurs die!] Longepierre has quoted here an epigram from the Anthologia:

Κε ρη τις με' εφιλησεποθεσπερα χειλεσιν ὑγροις.
Νεκταρ εην το φιλημα. το γαρ ςομα νεκταρος επνει.
Νυν μεθυω το φιλημα, πολυν τον ερωτα ωνεπαυσας.

Of which the following may give some idea:

The kiss that she felt on my lip,
Like a dew-drop shall lingering lie;
'Twas nectar she gave me to sip,
'Twas nectar I drank in her sigh!
The dew that distill'd in that kiss,
To my soul was voluptuous wine;
Ever since it is drunk with the bliss,
And feels a delirium divine!

Has Cupid left the starry sphere,
To wave his golden tresses here?] The introduction

ODE XL

Buds of roses, virgin flowe
Call'd from Cupid's balmy
In the bowl of Bacchus stee
Till with crimson drops the

of these deities to the festival i
Madame Dacier thinks that th p
querade, where these deities we
company in masks. The translati
either idea.

All, all are here, to hail with me
The genius of festivity!] K
genius of mirth. Philostratus m
tures (as all the annotators have
very beautiful description of this g

* This spirited poem is an euloge
again, in the

Twine the rose, the garland twine,
Every leaf distilling wine;
Drink and smile, and learn to think
That we were born to smile and drink.
Rose! thou art the sweetest flower
That ever drank the amber shower;
Rose! thou art the fondest child
Of dimpled Spring, the wood-nymph wild!
Even the Gods, who walk the sky,
Are amorous of thy scented sigh,
Cupid too, in Paphian shades.
His hair with rosy fillet braids,
When with the blushing, naked Graces,
The wanton winding dance he traces.
Then bring me, showers of roses bring,
And shed them round me while I sing;
Great Bacchus! in thy hallow'd shade,
With some celestial, glowing maid,
While gales of roses round me rise,
In perfume, sweeten'd by her sighs,
I'll bill and twine in early dance,
Commingling soul with every glance!

When with the blushing naked Graces,
The wanton winding dance he traces.] This sweet idea of Love dancing with the Graces, is almost peculiar to Anacreon. Degen

With some celestial glowing maid, etc.] The epithet βαθυκολπος, which he gives to the nymph, is literally "full-bosomed:" if this was really Anacreon's taste, the heaven of Mahomet would suit him in every particular. See the Koran, cap. 72.

ODE XLV.

WITHIN this goblet, rich and deep,
I cradle all my woes to sleep.
Why should we breathe the sigh of fear,
Or pour the unavailing tear?
For death will never heed the sigh,
Nor soften at the tearful eye;
And eyes that sparkle, eyes that weep,
Must all alike be seal'd in sleep:
Then let us never vainly stray,
In search of thorns, from pleasure's way;
Oh! let us quaff the rosy wave,
Which Bacchus loves, which Bacchus gave
And in the goblet rich and deep,
Cradle our crying woes to sleep!

ODE XLVI.*

SEE the young, the rosy Spring,
Gives to the breeze her spangled wing:

Then let us never vainly stray,
In search of thorns, from pleasure's way; etc.
have thus endeavoured to convey the meaning
τι δε τον βιον πλανωμαι; according to Regn
paraphrase of the line:

E che val, fuor della strada
Del piacere alma e gradita,
Vaneggiare in questa vita?

* The fastidious affectation of some commente
has denounced this ode as spurious. Degen pronou

le virgin Graces, warm with May,
g roses o'er her dewy way!

ur last lines to be the patch-work of some mi-
le versificator, and Brunck condemns the whole
It appears to me to be elegantly graphical: full
licate expressions and luxuriant imagery. The
ıtness of 'Ιδὲ πως ἔαρος φανεντος is striking
pirited, and has been imitated rather languidly
orace:

Vides ut alta stet nive candidum
Soracte——

e imperative ἰδὲ is infinitely more impressive, as
akspeare,

. look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
ilks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

ere is a simple and poetical description of
ʒ, in Catullus's beautiful farewell to Bithynia.
. 44.
nes conjectures, in his life of our poet, that this
as written after he had returned from Athens,
tle in his paternal seat at Teos; there, in a little
t some d stance from the city, which commanded
r of the Ægean Sea and the Islands, he contem-
l the beauties of nature and enjoyed the felicities
irement Vide Barnes in Anac. vita, § xxxv.
supposition, however unauthenticated, forms a
ınt association, which makes the poem more in-
ing.
nsieur Chevreau says, that Gregory Nazianzenus
ıraphrased somewhere this description of Spring;
ıot find it. See Chevreau, Œuvres Mêlées.

Dissolves the murky clouds away;
And culiur'd field, and winding str
Are sweetly tissued by his beam.
Now the earth prolific swells
With leafy buds and flowery bells;
Gemming shoots the olive twine,
Clusters ripe festoon the vine;

"Compare with this ode (says Degen) Hagedorn, book fourth der Frühling a der Mai.

While virgin Graces warm with May
Fling roses o'er her dewy way!] De Χαριτας ῥοδα ῥυσιν, "the roses c graces." This is not uningenious; but the beauty of the personification, to the which Regnier has objected, very frivolo

The murmuring billows of the deep
Have languish'd into silent sleep; etc.]

All along the branches creeping,
Through the velvet foliage peeping,
Little infant fruits we see
Nursing into luxury!

ODE XLVII.

'Tis true, my fading years decline,
Yet can I quaff the brimming wine,
As deep as any stripling fair,
Whose cheeks the flush of morning wear;
And if, amidst the wanton crew,
I'm call'd to wind the dance's clue,
Thou shalt behold this vigorous hand,
Not faltering on the Bacchant's wand,
But brandishing a rosy flask,
The only thyrsus e'er I'll ask!
Let those, who pant for Glory's charms,
Embrace her in the field of arms;

But brandishing a rosy flask, etc.] Ασκος was a kind of leathern vessel for wine, very much in use, as should seem by the proverb ασκος και θυλακος, which was applied to those who were intemperate in eating and drinking. This proverb is mentioned in some verses quoted by Athenæus, from the Hesione of Alexis.

The only thyrsus e'er I'll ask!] Phornutus assigns as a reason for the consecration of the thyrsus to Bacchus, that inebriety often renders the support of a stick very necessary.

With blushes borrow'd
I'll wanton 'mid the danc
And live my follies all ag

ODE XL

When my thirsty soul I st
Every sorrow's lull'd to sl
Talk of monarchs! I am t
Richest, happiest, first of n
Careless o'er my cup I sing
Fancy makes me more tha
Gives me wealthy Crœsus'
Can I, can I wish for more
On my velvet couch reclini
Ivy leaves my brow entwini
While

What are kings and crowns to me?
If before my feet they lay,
I would spurn them all away!
Arm you, arm you, men of might,
Hasten to the sanguine fight;
Let me, oh, my budding vine!
Spill no other blood than thine.
Yonder brimming goblet see,
That alone shall vanquish me.
Oh! I think it sweeter far
To fall in banquet than in war!

ODE XLIX.*

When Bacchus, Jove's immortal boy,
The rosy harbinger of joy,
Who, with the sun-shine of the bowl,
Thaws the winter of our soul;

Arm you, arm you, men of might,
Hasten to the sanguine fight;] I have adopted the interpretation of Regnier and others:

Altri segua Marte fero;
Che sol Bacco è 'l mio conforto.

* This, the preceding ode, and a few more of the same character, are merely chansons à boire. Most likely they were the effusions of the moment of conviviality, and were sung, we imagine, with rapture in Greece; but that interesting association, by which they always recalled the convivial emotions that produced them, can be very little felt by the most enthusiastic reader; and much less by a phlegmatic grammarian, who sees nothing in them but dialects and particles.

While, my young Venus, t
To the voluptuous cadence
Then waking from our lang
Again we'll sport, again w

Who, with the sun-shine of
Thaws the winter of our sou

title which he gives to Bacchus
a curious circumstance, that
name of Levi among the Jews
bacchanal cries,) and accordin
worshipped Bacchus.

* Faber thinks this spurious
singular in his opinion. It ha
author. Like the wreath whic
dream, "it smells of Anacreon.

The form of this ode, in the o
It is a kind of song of seven c
beginning with the line

ODE L.*

When I drink, I feel, I feel,
Visions of poetic zeal!
Warm with the goblet's fresh'ning dews,
My heart invokes the heavenly muse.
When I drink, my sorrow's o'er;
I think of doubts and fears no more;
But scatter to the railing wind
Each gloomy phantom of the mind!
When I drink, the jesting boy
Bacchus himself partakes my joy;
And while we dance through breathing bowers,
Whose every gale is rich with flowers,
In bowls he makes my senses swim,
Till the gale breathes of nought but him!
When I drink, I deftly twine
Flowers, begem'd with tears of wine;

When I drink, I feel, I feel,
Visions of poetic zeal!] "Anacreon is not the only one (says Longepierre) whom wine has inspired with poetry. There is an epigram in the first book of the Anthologia, which begins thus:

Οινος τοι χαριεντι μεγας πελει ἱππος αοιδῳ,
Ὑδωρ δε πινων, καλον ου τεκοις επος."

If with water you fill up your glasses,
You'll never write any thing wise;
For wine is the horse of Parnassus,
Which hurries a bard to the skies!

And while we dance through breathing bowers, etc.] If some of the translators had observed Doctor Trapp's caution, with regard to πολυανθεσιν μ' εν αυραις,

The languor on my breast rep
Venus! I breathe my vows t
In many a sigh of luxury!
When I drink, my heart refi
And rises as the cup decline
Rises in the genial flow,
That none but social spirits l
When youthful revellers, rou
Dilating, mingling soul with

"Cave ne Cœlum intelligas." th
spoiled the simplicity of Anacre
extravagant conceptions of the p
poet imagine such bombast as the

Quand je bois, mon œil s'ima
Que, dans un tourbillon plein d
Bacchus m'importe dans les air
Rempli de sa liqueur divine.

Or this:

When I drink, the bliss is mine;
There's bliss in every drop of wine!
All other joys that I have known,
I've scarcely dar'd to call my own;
But this the Fates can ne'er destroy,
Till death o'ershadows all my joy!

ODE II.*

Fly not thus my brow of snow,
Lovely wanton! fly not so.

peared in the French Journals. At the opening of the Odeon in Paris, the managers of the spectacle requested Professor Gail to give them some uncommon name for the fêtes of this institution. He suggested the word "Thiase," which was adopted, but the literati of Paris questioned the propriety of it, and addressed their criticisms to Gail, through the medium of the public prints. Two or three of the letters he has inserted in his edition, and they have elicited from him some learned research on the subject.

* Alberti has imitated this ode: and Capilupus, in the following epigram, has given a version of it:

Cur, Lalage, mea vita, meos contemnis amores?
Cur fugis e nostro pulchra puella sinu?
Ne fugias sint sparsa licet mea tempora canis,
Inque tuo roseus fulgeat ore color.
Aspice ut intextas deceant quoque flore corollas
Candida purpureis lilia mista rosis

Oh! why repel my soul's impassion'd vow,
And fly, beloved maid, these longing arms?

[illegible] with the lily's sno
Mark, how sweet their tin
Just, my girl, like thee an

Is it, that wintry time has str
And thine are all the sumn
See the rich garland, cull'd i
Where the young rosebud
In wreaths of love we thus m
And I will be the lily, thou
See, in yonder flowery braid,
Cull'd for thee, my blushing n

manner that Anacreon pleads fo
locks, from the beauty of the c
shepherd, in Theocritus, endea
his black hair;

Και το ιον μελαν εστι, και ἁ
Αλλ' ομπας εν τοις στεφανοις
τατι."

ODE LII.*

Away, away, you men of rules,
What have I to do with schools?
They'd make me learn, they'd make me think;
But would they make me love and drink?
Teach me this, and let me swim
My soul upon the goblet's brim;
Teach me this, and let me twine
My arms around the nymph divine!

* "This is doubtless the work of a more modern poet than Anacreon: for at the period when he lived rhetoricians were not known." Degen.

Though the antiquity of this ode is confirmed by the Vatican manuscript, I am very much inclined to agree in this argument against its authenticity; for though the dawning of rhetoric might already have appeared, the first who gave it any celebrity was Corax of Syracuse, and he flourished in the century after Anacreon.

Our poet anticipated the ideas of Epicurus, in his aversion to the labours of learning, as well as his devotion to voluptuousness. Πασαν παιδειαν μακαριοι φευγετε, said the philosopher of the garden in a letter to Pythocles.

Teach me this and let me twine
My arms around the nymph divine!] By χρυσης Αφροδιτης here, I understand some beautiful girl, in the same manner that Λυαιος is often used for wine. "Golden" is frequently an epithet of beauty. Thus in Virgil, "Venus aurea;" and in Propertius, "Cynthia aurea." Tibullus, however, calls an old woman "golden."

And there's an end—for ah! you [illegible]
They drink but little wine below!

The translation d'Autori Anonimi, a [illegible]
tons on this passage of Anacreon:

E m' insegni con più rare
Forme accorte d' involare
Ad amabile beltade
Il bel cinto d' onestade.

And there's an end—for ah! you know
They drink but little wine below!] [illegible]
Mainard:

La Mort nous guette; et quand nos
Nous ont enfermés une fois
Au sein d'une fosse profonde,
Adieu bon vin, et bon repas,
Ma science ne trouve pas
Des cabarets en l'autre [illegible]

ODE LIII.

When I behold the festive train
Of dancing youth, I'm young again!
Memory wakes her magic trance,
And wings me lightly through the dance.
Come, Cybeba, smiling maid!
Cull the flower and twine the braid;
Bid the blush of summer's rose
Burn upon my brow of snows;
And let me, while the wild and young
Trip the mazy dance along,
Fling my heap of years away,
And be as wild, as young as they.
Hither haste, some cordial soul!
Give my lips the brimming bowl;

Bid the blush of summer's rose
Burn upon my brow of snows; etc.] Licetus, in his hieroglyphica, quoting two of our poet's odes, where he calls for garlands, remarks, "Constat igitur floreas coronas poetis et potantibus in symposio convenire, non autem sapientibus et philosophiam affectantibus."—"It appears that wreaths of flowers were adapted for poets and revellers at banquets, but by no means became those who had pretensions to wisdom and philosophy." On this principle, in his 152d chapter, he discovers a refinement in Virgil, describing the garland of the poet Silenus as fallen off; which distinguishes, he thinks, the divine intoxication of Silenus from that of common drunkards, who always wear their crowns while they drink. This, indeed, is the "labor ineptiarum" of commentators.

ODE LIV.*

METHINKS, the pictur'd bull we see
Is amorous Jove—it must be he!

He still can kiss the goblet's brim; etc
prescribed by Galen, as an excellent med
men: "Quod frigidos et humoribus exp
ciat, etc.;" but nature was Anacreon's p
There is a proverb in Eliphus, as
næus, which says, "that wine
dance whether he will of not."

Λογος εσ' αρχαιος, κ
Οινον λεγουσι τους γερ
Πειθειν χορευειν

* "This ode is wri
presented the

ndly blest he seems to bear
irest of Phœnician fair!
roud he breasts the foamy tide,
irns the billowy surge aside!
iny beast of vulgar vein,
ited thus defy the main?
e descends from climes above,
ks the God, he breathes of Jove!

ODE LV.*

; we invoke the wreathed spring,
ident rose! to thee we'll sing;

tributed very falsely to Lucian, there is man-
his coin, and of a temple dedicated by the
s to Astarte, whom some, it appears, con-
with Europa.
us has written a very beautiful idyl on the
Europa.
e descends from climes above,
oks the God, he breathes of Jove!] Thus
:

θεον και τρυφε δομας. και γινετο ταυρος.

od forgot himself, his heaven, for love,
bull's form belied the almighty Jove,

s ode is a brilliant panegyric on the rose.
tiquity (says Barnes) has produced nothing
utiful."
the idea of peculiar excellence, which the
attached to this flower, arose a pretty pro-
expression, used by Aristophanes, according
, ῥοδα μ' ειρηκας, "You have spoken roses,"

[illegible] Gautminus upon the epithal
where it is introduced in the ron
Muretus, in one of his elegies, (
rose :

Jam te igitur rursus teneo, form
(Quid trepidas?) teneo; jam,

Now I again embrace thee,
(Tell me, wanton, why thou
Again my longing arms info
Again, my rose, again I hol

This, like most of the terms of
modern Latin poets, is taken from I
vulgar and colloquial in his time, a
the elegancies of the modern Latini

Passeratius alludes to the odoberi
ning of his poem on the Rose :
Carmine digna rosa est ;
Tuine [illegible]

hen pleasure's bloomy season glows,
ne Graces love to twine the rose;
ne rose is warm Dione's bliss,
nd flushes like Dione's kiss!
't has the poet's magic tongue
ne rose's fair luxuriance sung;
nd long the Muses, heavenly maids,
ave rear'd it in their tuneful shades.
hen, at the early glance of morn,
sleeps upon the glittering thorn,

The rose is warm Dione's bliss, etc.] Bellau, in a te upon an old French poet, quoting the original re ἀφροδισιων τ' αθυρμα, translates it, "comme les hces et mignardises de Vénus."

Oft has the poet's magic tongue
The rose's fair luxuriance sung; etc.] The following is a fragment of the Lesbian poetess. It is ed in the romance of Achilles Tatius, who appears have resolved the numbers into prose. Ει τοις θεοις εθελοι ὁ Ζευς επιθεσθαι βασιλεα, το ῥοδον αν ειη ανθεων βασιλευς. γης εστι κοσμος, φυτων αγλισμα, οφθαλμος ανθεων, λειμωνος ερυθημα, καλος ασραπτον. Ερωτος τροφος, Αφροδιτην τροφευει ιδεσι φυλλοις κομᾶ, ευκινητοις πεταλοις τρυφᾶ. πεταλον το Σεφυρου γελᾶ.

If Jove would give the leafy bowers
A queen for all their world of flowers,
The rose would be the choice of Jove,
And blush, the queen of every grove.
Sweetest child of weeping morning,
Gem, the vest of earth adorning,
Eye of flowerets, glow of lawns,
Bud of beauty, nurs'd by dawns:

When revel reigns, wh
And Bacchus beams in
Our rosy fillets scent ex
And fill with balm the f
Oh! there is nought in
Where roses do not shec
When morning paints th
Her fingers burn with r
The nymphs display the
It mantles o'er their gra

Soft the soul of love it
Cypria's brow with m
And, to the Zephyr's
Diffuses all its verdant
Till, glowing with the
It blushes a diviner ra

When morning paints the

Through Cytherea's form it glows,
And mingles with the living snows.
The rose distils a healing balm,
The beating pulse of pain to calm;
Preserves the cold inurned clay,
And mocks the vestige of decay:

Preserves the cold inurned clay, etc.] Here he alludes to the use of the rose in embalming; and, perhaps (as Barnes thinks,) to the rosy unguent with which Venus anointed the corpse of Hector. Homer's Illiad ψ. It may likewise regard the ancient practice of putting garlands of roses on the dead, as in Statius, Theb. lib. x. 782.

——— hi sertis, hi veris honore soluto
Accumulant artus patriâque in sede reponunt
Corpus odoratum.

Where "veris honor," though it mean every kind of flowers, may seem more particularly to refer to the rose, which our poet in another ode calls ἄνθος μελπόμενα. We read in the Hieroglyphics of Pierius, lib. iv. that some of the ancients used to order in their wills, that roses should be annually scattered on their tomb, and he has adduced some sepulchral inscriptions to this purpose.

And mocks the vestige of decay.] When he says that this flower prevails over time itself, he still alludes to its efficacy in embalment (tenerâ poneret ossa rosâ. Propert. lib. i. eleg. 17,) or perhaps to the subsequent idea of its fragrance surviving its beauty; for he can scarcely mean to praise for duration the "nimium breves flores" of the rose. Philostratus compares this flower with love, and says, that they both defy the influence of time; χρόνον δὲ κατὰ Ἔρως, κατὰ ῥόδα οἶδεν. Unfortunately the similitude lies not in their duration, but their transience.

—ing beauty's warm
Venus appeared, in flus
Mellow'd by ocean's br
When, in the starry cou
The pregnant brain of n
Disclos'd the nymph of
The nymph who shakes
Then, then, in strange e
The earth produced an i
Which sprung, with blus
And wanton'd o'er its p
The gods beheld this bri
And hail'd the Rose, the
With nectar drops, a rub
The sweetly orient buds

Sweet as in youth, its balm
Diffuses odour e'en in dea
lens, in his Ritus Nuptiarum :

And bade them bloom, the flowers divine
Of him who sheds the teeming vine!
And bade them on the spangled thorn
Expand their bosoms to the morn.

ODE LVI.*

He, who instructs the youthful crew
To bathe them in the brimmer's dew,

thor of the "Pervigilium Veneris" (a poem attributed to Catullus, the style of which appears to me to have all the laboured luxuriance of a much later period) ascribes the tincture of the rose to the blood from the wound of Adonis—

——rosæ
Fuscæ aprino de cruore—

according to the emendation of Lipsius. In the following epigram this hue is differently accounted for:

Illa quidem studiosa suum defendere Adonim,
Gradivus stricto quem petit ense ferox,
Affixit duris vestigia cæca rosetis,
Albaque divino picta cruore rosa est.

While the enamour'd queen of joy
Flies to protect her lovely boy,
On whom the jealous war-god rushes;
She treads upon a thorned rose,
And while the wound with crimson flows,
The snowy flow'ret feels her blood and blushes!

* "Compare with this elegant ode the verses of Uz, lib. i. die Weinlese." Degen.

This appears to be one of the hymns which were sung at the anniversary festival of the vintage; one

Which, sparkling in the cu
Illuminate the sons of eart
And when the ripe and ve
Sweet infant of the pregna
Which now in mellow clus
Oh! when it bursts its rosy
The heavenly stream shall
To balsam every mortal w

of the σπιλήνιοι ὕμνοι, as our p
in the fifty-ninth ode. We cam
culiar veneration for these relics
tiquity. Horace may be suppos
nineteenth ode of his second b
fifth of the third, for some hac
of this kind.

Which sparkling in the cup o
Illuminate the sons of earth
ποτον ασονον κομιζων. M.

No youth shall then be wan or weak,
For dimpling health shall light the cheek;
No heart shall then despondingsigh,
For wine shall bid despondence fly!
Thus—till another autumn's glow
Shall bid another vintage flow!

ODE LVII.*

And whose immortal hand could shed
Upon this disk the ocean's bed?
And in a frenzied flight of soul
Sublime as heaven's eternal pole,
Imagine thus, in semblance warm,
The Queen of Love's voluptuous form

* This ode is a very animated description of a picture of Venus on a discus, which represented the goddess in her first emergence from the waves. About two centuries after our poet wrote, the pencil of the artist Apelles embellished this subject, in his famous painting of the Venus Anadyomené the model of which, as Pliny informs us, was the beautiful Campaspe, given to him by Alexander; though, according to Natalis Comes, lib. vii. cap. 16. it was Phryne who sat to Apelles for the face and breast of this Venus.

There are a few blemishes in the reading of the ode before us, which have influenced Faber, Heyne, Brunck, etc. to denounce the whole poem as spurious. Non ego paucis offendar maculis. I think it is beautiful enough to be authentic

And whose immortal hand could shed
Upon this disk the ocean's bed?] The abruptness of

... the world unfolds veil d
Light as the leaf, that summer
Has wafted o'er the glassy sea:
She floats upon the ocean's br
Which undulates in sleepy rest
And stealing on, she gently pill
Her bosom on the amorous bill
Her bosom, like the humid ros
Her neck, like dewy-sparkling

αρα τις τορευσε φοιτον, is finely e:
den admiration, and is one of those
we cannot but admire in their source
quent imitation, they are now become
impressive.

And all those sacred scenes of love,
Where only hallow'd eyes may rove

ture here has all the delicate charac
reducta Venus, and is the sweetest e
the poetry of passion ...

ume the liquid path she traces,
ıd burn within the stream's embraces.
languid luxury soft she glides,
ıcircled by the azure tides,
ke some fair lily, faint with weeping,
ɔon a bed of violets sleeping!
ıneath their queen's inspiring glance,
ıe dolphins o'er the green sea dance,
ɜaring in triumph young Desire,
nd baby Love with smiles of fire!
hile, sparkling on the silver waves,
ıe tenants of the briny caves
ound the pomp in eddies play,
ıd gleam along the watery way.

the bosom." Neither Catullus nor Gray have been his opinion. The former has the expression,

En hic in roseis latet papillis,

d the latter,

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd hours, etc.

Crottus, a modern Latinist, might indeed be censed for too vague an use of the epithet "rosy," when applies it to the eyes: "e roseis oculis."

——— *young Desire, etc.*] In the original ıpec, who was the same deity with Jocus among Romans. Aurelius Augurellus has a poem begin-g

Invitat olim Bacchus ad cœnam suos
Comon, Jocum, Cupidinem.

hich Parnell has closely imitated:

Gay Bacchus, liking Estcourt's wine,
A noble meal bespoke us;
And for the guests that were to dine,
Brought Comus, Love, and Jocus, etc.

No, let the false dese
For who would court
But, when I feel my li
No more by ties of go

* I have followed Bart
it deviates somewhat fro
peared to me the more na

When gold, as fleet as
Escapes like any faithles

Ὁ δραπετης ὁ χρυσος.

these words, as adan
marked: for Chrysos, wh
a frequent name for a sla
logues, there is, I think, a
where the followers of Ch
fishes. The puns of the an
more vapid than our own;
recorded of Diogenes.

I loosen all my clinging cares,
And cast them to the vagrant airs.
Then, then I feel the Muse's spell,
And wake to life the dulcet shell;
The dulcet shell to beauty sings,
And love dissolves along the strings!
Thus, when my heart is sweetly taught
How little gold deserves a thought,
The winged slave returns once more,
And with him wafts delicious store
Of racy wine, whose balmy art
In slumber seals the anxious heart!
Again he tries my soul to sever
From love and song, perhaps for ever!
Away, deceiver! why pursuing
Ceaseless thus my heart's undoing?
Sweet is the song of amorous fire;
Sweet are the sighs that thrill the lyre;
Oh! sweeter far than all the gold
The waftage of thy wings can hold.
I well remember all thy wiles;
They wither'd Cupid's flowery smiles,
And o'er his harp such garbage shed,
I thought its angel breath was fled!

mechanical ornament by any one who can feel its charm in those lines of Catullus, where he complains of the infidelity of his mistress, Lesbia.

> Cœli, Lesbia nostra, Lesbia illa,
> Illa Lesbia, quam Catullus unam,
> Plus quam se atque suos amavit omnes,
> Nunc, etc.

i sic omnia dixisset! but the rest does not bear citation.

impassion'd seeks the shadowy
Where, in the tempting guise
Reclining sleeps some witching
Whose sunny charms but half
Blush through the bower, that
Excludes the kisses of the wi
The virgin wakes, the glowing
Allures her to th' embrace of j
Swears that the herbage heave
Was sacred as the nuptial bed ;
That laws should never bind de
And love was nature's holiest fi

Swears that the herbage heaven ha
Was sacred as the nuptial bed; et
here has been variously interpreted. S
for our author's purity, have suppose
only persuades her to a premature m
understand from the words ἀποδοτιν

The virgin weeps, the virgin sighs;
He kiss'd her lips, he kiss'd her eyes;
The sigh was balm, the tear was dew,
They only rais'd his flame anew.
And oh! he stole the sweetest flower
That ever bloom'd in any bower;
Such is the madness wine imparts,
Whene'er it steals on youthful hearts.

ODE LX.*

AWAKE to life, my dulcet shell,
To Phœbus all thy sighs shall swell;
And though no glorious prize be thine,
No Pythian wreath around thee twine,
Yet every hour is glory's hour,
To him that gathers wisdom's flower!
Then wake thee from thy magic slumbers,
Breathe to the soft and Phrygian numbers,

* This hymn to Apollo is supposed not to have been written by Anacreon, it certainly is rather a sublimer flight than the Teian wing is accustomed to soar. But we ought not to judge from this diversity of style, in a poet of whom time has preserved such partial relics. If we knew Horace but as a satirist, should we easily believe there could dwell such animation in his lyre? Suidas says that our poet wrote hymns, and this perhaps is one of them. We can perceive in what an altered and imperfect state his works are at present, when we find a scholiast upon Horace citing an ode from the third book of Anacreon.

...and sighs responsive so
Muse of the lyre illume
Thy Phœbus is my fan
And hallow'd is the har
And hallow'd is the wre
Hallow'd by him, the g
Who modulates the ch
I sing the love which D
Around the godheads yi
I sing the blushing Dapl
From this æthereal yout
And how the tender, tim
Flew panting to the kin

And how the tender, timid
Flew panting to the kindl

Το μεν εκπεφευγ
Φυσεως δ' αμειψα

Resign'd a form, too tempting fair,
And grew a verdant laurel there;
Whose leaves, with sympathetic thrill,
In terror seem'd to tremble still!
The god pursu'd, with wing'd desire;
And when his hopes were all on fire,
And when he thought to hear the sigh
With which enamoured virgins die,
He only heard the pensive air
Whispering amid her leafy hair!
But oh, my soul! no more—no more!
Enthusiast, whither do I soar?
This sweetly-madd'ning dream of soul
Has hurried me beyond the goal.
Why should I sing the mighty darts
Which fly to wound celestial hearts,
When sure the lay, with sweeter tone,
Can tell the darts that wound my own?
Still be Anacreon, still inspire
The descant of the Teian lyre:

Still be Anacreon, still inspire
The descant of the Teian lyre;] The original is Τον Ανακρεοντα μιμει. I have translated it under the supposition that the hymn is by Anacreon; though I fear, from this very line, that his claim to it can scarcely be supported.

Τον Ανακρεοντα μιμει, "Imitate Anacreon." Such, is the lesson given us by the lyrist; and if, in poetry, a simple elegance of sentiment, enriched by the most playful felicities of fancy, be a charm which invites or deserves imitation, where shall we find such a guide as Anacreon? In morality too, with some little re-

Away! I hate the slanderous
Which steals to wound th' un

how many are there in the world,
vish to say Τον Ανακρεοντα μιμε

Here ends the last of the odes
whose authority confirms the genui
all, though a few have stolen among
we may hesitate in attributing to
little essay prefixed to this translati
Barnes has quoted this manuscript i
upon an imperfect copy of it which
taken; I shall just mention two or
this inaccuracy, the first which occu
of the Dove, on the words Πτεροισι
says, "Vatican MS. συσκιαζων, en
to," though the MS. reads συνκαλυ
interlined. Degen too, on the same
in error. In the twenty-second ode
thirteenth, then MS. has

And when the youth, whose burning soul
Has felt the Paphian star's control,
When he the liquid lays shall hear,
His heart will flutter to his ear,
And drinking there of song divine,
Banquet on intellectual wine!

ODE LXI.*

GOLDEN hues of youth are fled;
Hoary locks deform my head.
Bloomy graces, dalliance gay,
All the flowers of life decay.

* The intrusion of this melancholy ode, among the careless levities of our poet, has always reminded me of the skeletons which the Egyptians used to hang up in their banquet-rooms, to inculcate a thought of morality even amidst the dissipations of mirth. If it were not for the beauty of its numbers, the Teian Muse would disown this ode. Quid habet, illius illius quæ spirabat amores?

To Stobæus we are indebted for it.

Bloomy graces, dalliance gay,
All the flowers of life decay.] Horace often, with feeling and elegance, deplores the fugacity of human enjoyments See book ii. ode 11; and thus in the second epistle book ii.

Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes.
Eripuere jocos, venerem, convivia, ludum.

The wing of every passing day
Withers some blooming joy away;

the journey, sad
And, the gloomy trav
Ah! we can return n

And wafts from our e
The banquet's mirth,

Dreary is the thought c
libertine French poet, has
the approach of death, ful
repentance. Chaulieu, hon
sistently the spirit of the Ep
his poem, addressed to the M

Plus j'approche du terme et

I shall leave it to the more
here: it is impossible to be v
subject.

And, the gloomy travel o'
Ah! we can return no
Catullus's well-kn

ODE LXII.*

FILL me, boy, as deep a draught,
As e'er was fill'd as e'er was quaff'd;
But let the water amply flow,
To cool the grape's intemperate glow;

* This ode consists of two fragments, which are to be found in Athenæus, book x. and which Barnes, from the similarity of their tendency, has combined into one. I think this a very justifiable liberty, and have adopted it in some other fragments of our poet.

Degen refers us here to verses of Uz, lib. iv. der Trinker.

But let the water amply flow,

To cool the grape's intemperate glow; etc.] It was Amphictyon who first taught the Greeks to mix water with their wine: in commemoration of which circumstance they erected altars to Bacchus and the nymphs. On this mythological allegory the following epigram is founded:

Ardentum ex utero Semeles lavêre Lyæum
Naiades extincto fulminis igne sacri;
Cum nymphis igitur tractabilis, at sine nymphis
Candenti rursus fulmine corripitur.
Pierius Valerianus.

Which is, non verbum verbo.

While heavenly fire consum'd his Theban dame,
A Naiad caught young Bacchus from the flame,
And dipp'd him burning in her purest lymph;
Still, still he loves the sea-maid's crystal urn,
And when his native fires infuriate burn,
He bathes him in the fountain of the nymph.

Ours be the joy th
And while the tem
Our choral hymns
Beguiling every ho
With harmony of so

ODE

To Love, the soft and
I touch the harp in de
To Love, the babe of
The boy, who breathes
To Love, for heaven a
And gods and mortals b

* "This fragment is prese
drinus, Stro

ODE LXIV.*

HASTE thee, nymph, whose winged spear
Wounds the fleeting mountain-deer!
Dian, Jove's immortal child,
Huntress of the savage wild!
Goddess with the sun-bright hair!
Listen to a people's prayer.
Turn, to Lethe's river turn,
There thy vanquish'd people mourn!

* This hymn to Diana is extant in Hephæstion. There is an anecdote of our poet which has led some to doubt whether he ever wrote any odes of this kind. It is related by the scholiast upon Pindar (Isthmionic. od. ii. v. 1. as cited by Barnes.) Anacreon being asked why he addressed all his hymns to women, and none to the deities? answered, "Because women are my deities."

I have assumed the same liberty in reporting this anecdote, which I have done in translating some of the odes; and it were to be wished that these little infidelities were always considered pardonable in the interpretation of the ancients: thus when nature is forgotten in the original, in the translation "tamen usque recurret."

Turn, to Lethe's river turn,
There thy vanquish'd people mourn!] Lethe, a river of Ionia, according to Strabo, falling into the Meander: near to it was situated the town Magnesia, in favour of whose inhabitants our poet is supposed to have addressed this supplication to Diana. It was written (as Madame Dacier conjectures) on the occasion of some battle, in which the Magnesians had been defeated.

ODE

LIKE some wanton silly
Maid of Thrace! thou
Wanton filly! tell me
Thou trip'st away, with
And seem'st to think m
Is novice in the bridling
Believe me, girl, it is n
Thou'lt find this skilful
The reins upon that ten
However wild, however
Thou'lt own that I can t
And turn and wind thee

* This ode, which is add
girl, exists in Heraclides, an
frequently by Horace, as all

:h wasting now thy careless hours,
sport amid the herbs and flowers,
soon shalt feel the rein's control,
:emble at the wish'd-for goal!

ODE LXVI.*

:e, the Queen of nymphs divine,
:t of all that fairest shine;
:e, thou blushing young Desire,
ul'st the world with darts of fire!
h! thou nuptial Power, to thee
:ear'st of life the guardian key;
ing my soul in fragrant praise,
eaving wild my votive lays,

is ode is introduced in the Romance of Theo-
Prodromus, and is that kind of epithalamium
was sung like a scolium at the nuptial ban-

ng the many works of the impassioned Sappho,
:h time and ignorant superstition have deprived
loss of her epithalamiums is not one of the least
: deplore. A subject so interesting to an amo-
ıcy, was warmly felt and must have been warm-
ribed, by such a soul and such an imagination.
lowiug lines are cited as a relic of one of her
amiums:

'ιε γαμβρε, σοι μεν δη γαμος ὡς αρᾶο,
ατελες', εχεις δε παρθενον αν ορᾶο.

Scaliger, in his Poetics, on the Epithalamium.

Plays over all her blushing charms,
Delay not, snatch her to thine arms
Before the lovely, trembling prey,
Like a young birdling, wing away!
Oh! Stratocles, impassion'd youth!
Dear to the Queen of amorous trut
And dear to her, whose yielding zo
Will soon resign her all thine own;
Turn to Myrilla, turn thine eye,
Breathe to Myrilla, breathe thy sig
To those bewitching beauties turn;
For thee they mantle, flush, and bu
Not more the rose, the queen of flo
Outblushes all the glow of bowers,
Than she unrival'd bloom discloses,
The sweetest rose, where all are ro
Oh! may the sun, benignant, shed
His blandest influence o'er thy bed;
And foster there an infant tree,
To blush like her, and bloom like th

ODE LXVII.*

TLE youth! whose looks assume
a soft and girlish bloom,
, repulsive, why refuse
friendship which my heart pursues?
u little know'st the fond control
h which thy virtue reins my soul!

los ille carpitur, et Græcis κηπτον εστι το ερηθαλεον ἡλικον."

ay I remark that the author of the Greek version is charming ode of Catullus, has neglected a striking and anacreontic beauty in those verses, flos in septis, etc." which is the repetition of the "Multi illum pueri, multæ optavêre puellæ," the slight alteration of nulli and nullæ. Catullus lf, however, has been equally injudicious in his n of the famous ode of Sappho; he has trans- γλωσσας ἰμερεον, but takes no notice of ἀδυ ρας. Horace has caught the spirit of it more ully:

Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo
Dulce loquentem.

have formed this poem of three or four different ients, which is a liberty that perhaps may be ed by the example of Barnes, who has thus com- the fifty-seventh of his edition, and the little ode ning φερ' ὕδωρ, φερ' οἶνον, ω παι, which he has ined to the epigrams.

e fragments combined in this ode, are the sixty- th, ninety-sixth, ninety-seventh, and hundredth rnes' edition, to which I refer the reader for the s of the authors by whom they are preserved.

[illegible], unreun'd,
Nature has never form'd to see
The beauties of simplicity!
Simplicity the flower of heaven,
To souls elect, by nature given!

ODE LXVIII.*

Rich in bliss, I proudly scorn
The stream of Amalthea's horn;
Nor should I ask to call the thron
Of the Tartessian prince my own;

And boys have lov'd the prattling sage
Chaulieu has given a very amiable id
man's intercourse with youth:

Que cherché par les jeunes ge
Pour leurs erreurs plein d'indul

er through his train of years,
ctim of declining fears,
tle hour of joy to me
h a dull eternity!

ODE LXIX.*

'eptune's sullen month appears,
gry night cloud swells with tears;
vage storms infuriate driven,
wling in the face of heaven!
ıow, my friends, the gathering gloom
oseate rays of wine illume:
ıile our wreaths of parsley spread
adeless foliage round our head,
ymn th' almighty power of wine,
ed libations on his shrine!

ODE LXX.†

wove the lotos band to deck,
n with pensile wreath their neck;

is composed of two fragments; the seven-
l eighty-first in Barnes. They are both found
thius.
ee fragments form this little ode, all of which
erved in Athenæus. They are the eighty-
seventy-fifth, and eighty-third, in Barnes.

ODE LXXI.*

A BROKEN cake, with honey sweet,
Is all my spare and simple treat:
And while a generous bowl I crown
To float my little banquet down,

And every guest to shade his head,
Three little breathing chaplets sprea

pierre, to give an idea of the luxurious e
which garlands were held by the ancient
anecdote of a courtezan, who, in order to g
lovers, without leaving cause for jealousy
them, gave a kiss to one, let the other drin
and put a garland on the brow of the thi
each was satisfied with his favour, and flatte
with the preference.

: the soft, the amorous lyre,
ing of love's delicious fire!
thful measures, warm and free,
, dear maid, and sing for thee!

ODE LXXII.*

twenty chords my lyre is hung,
while I wake them all for thee,
O virgin, wild and young,
ort'st in airy levity.

arsling fawn, that in some shade
ntler'd mother leaves behind,

s I have formed from the eighty-fourth and
ifth of Barnes' edition. The two fragments
d in Athenæus
arsling fawn, that in some shade
ntler'd mother leaves behind, etc.] In the
:

Ὅς ἐν ὑλῃ κεροεσσης
Ἀπολειφθεὶς ὑπο μητρὸς.

rned" here, undoubtedly, seems a strange
; Madame Dacier however observes, that So-
, Callimachus, etc. have all applied it in the
ne manner, and she seems to agree in the con-
of the scholiast upon Pindar, that perhaps
se not always peculiar to the males. I think
with more ease conclude it to be a license of
, "jussit habere puellam cornua."

FARE thee well, perfi
My soul too long on ea
Delay'd, perfidious gi
Is now on wing for lit
I fly to seek a kindlie
Since thou hast ceas'd

—

ODE I

I BLOOM'D awhile, an t
Till love approach'd or

* This fragment is pres
Aristophanes, and is the eq
† This is to be found i
eighty-ninth of Barnes's ed

And made my tender branches feel
The wounds of his avenging steel.
Then, then I feel, like some poor willow
That tosses on the wintry billow!

ODE LXXV.*

Monarch Love! resistless boy,
With whom the rosy Queen of Joy,
And nymphs, that glance ethereal blue,
Disporting tread the mountain-dew;
Propitious, oh! receive my sighs,
Which, burning with entreaty, rise;
That thou wilt whisper to the breast
Of her I love thy soft behest;
And counsel her to learn from thee,
The lesson thou hast taught to me.
Ah! if my heart no flattery tell,
Thou'lt own I've learned that lesson well!

ODE LXXVI.†

Spirit of Love, whose tresses shine
Along the breeze, in golden twine;

* This fragment is preserved by Dion Chrysostom, Orat. ii. de Regno See Barnes, 93.

† This fragment, which is extant in Athenæus (Barnes 101,) is supposed, on the authority of Chamæ-

Smiles at the hoar and silver'd hues,
Which time upon my forehead strews.
Alas! I fear she keeps her charms,
In store for younger, happier arms!

leon, to have been addressed to Sappho. W
also a stanza attributed to her, which some ron
have supposed to be her answer to Anacreon.
par malheur (as Bayle says,) Sappho vint au
environ cent ou cent vingt ans avant Anacreon.
velles de la Rep des Lett tom ii de Novembı
The following is her fragment, the complii
which is very finely imagined: she supposes t
Muse has dictated the verses of Anacreon:

Κεινον, ω χρυσοθρονε Μεσ' ενιστες
Ὑμνον. εκ της καλλιγυναικος εσθλας
Τηιος χορας ὀν αειδ' πτερυγας
Πρεσβυς αγαυος.

ODE LXXVII.*

HITHER, gentle Muse of mine,
Come and teach thy votary old,
Many a golden hymn divine,
For the nymph with vest of gold.

Pretty nymph, of tender age,
Fair thy silky locks unfold;
Listen to a hoary sage,
Sweetest maid with vest of gold!

ODE LXXVIII.†

WOULD that I were a tuneful lyre.
Of burnish'd ivory fair;
Which, in the Dionysian choir,
Some blooming boy should bear!

Would that I were a golden vase,
And then some nymph should hold

* This is formed of the 124th and 119th fragments in Barnes, both of which are to be found in Scaliger's Poetics.

De Pauw thinks that those detached lines and couplets, which Scaliger has adduced as examples in his Poetics, are by no means authentic, but of his own fabrication.

† This is generally inserted among the remains of Alcæus. Some, however, have attributed it to Anacreon. See our poet's twenty-second ode, and the notes.

Which blanching t
Upon his wing of g
He passes with an
And flitting on he s
"Fare thee well, th

Cupid,† whose lamp
Which lightens our
Cupid within my bo
Excites a strange an
Which pleases, thou
And teases, though d

* See Barnes. 1724

LET* me resign a wretched breath,
Since now remains to me
No other balm than kindly death,
To sooth my misery!

I† know thou lov'st a brimming measure,
And art a kindly cordial host;
But let me fill and drink at pleasure,
Thus I enjoy the goblet most.

I‡ FEAR that love disturbs my rest,
Yet feel not love's impassion'd care,

* This fragment is extant in Arsenius and Hephæstion. See Barnes, (69,) who has arranged the metre of it very elegantly.

† Barnes, 72d. This fragment, which is quoted by Athenæus, is an excellent lesson for the votaries of Jupiter Hospitalis.

‡ This fragment is in Hephæstion. See Barnes, 95th.

Catullus expresses something of this contrariety of feelings:

Odi et amo; quare id faciam fortasse requiris;
Nescio: sed fieri sentio, et excrucior.
Carm. 53.

I love thee and hate thee, but if I can tell
The cause of my love and my hate, may I die
I can feel it, alas! I can feel it too well,
That I love thee and hate thee, but cannot tell why.

— there I'll flon
For Love intoxica

Mix† me, child, a
Crystal water, rub
Weave the frontlet,
O'er my wintry tem
Mix the brimmer—
Shall no more the ga
Here—upon this hol
I surrender all my so

* This also is in Hepha
ment of some poem, in w
morated the fate of Sapph

† This fragment is colle
trius Phalareus, and Eustat
edition to th

AMONG the Epigrams of the Anthologia, there are some panegyrics on Anacreon, which I had translated, and originally intended as a kind of Coronis to the work: but I found, upon consideration, that they wanted variety; a frequent recurrence of the same thought, within the limits of an epitaph, to which they are confined, would render a collection of them rather uninteresting. I shall take the liberty, however, of subjoining a few, that I may not appear to have totally neglected those elegant tributes to the reputation of Anacreon. The four epigrams which I give are imputed to Antipater Sidonius. They are rendered, perhaps, with too much freedom; but designing a translation of all that are on the subject, I imagined it was necessary to enliven their uniformity by sometimes indulging in the liberties of paraphrase.

Αντιπατρε Σιδωνιε, εις Ανακρεοντα.

ΘΑΛΛΟΙ τετρακορυμβος, Ανακρεον, αμφι σε κισσος
ἁβρα τε λειμωνων πορφυρεων πεταλα·
πηγαι δ' αργινοεντος αναθλιβοιντο γαλακτος,
ωδης δ' απο γης ἁδυ χεοιτο μελθυ,
ὑφρα κε τοι σπονδιν τε και οστα τερψιν αρηται,
ει δε τις φθιμενοις χριμπτεται ευφροσυνα,
ω το φιλον τερξας, φιλε, βαρβιτον, ω συν αοιδα
παντα διαπλωσας και συν ερωτι βιον.

year of the
from what Cicero an
to have been a kind
Orat. lib. x. cap. 7
respecting this poet,
his illness and death.
by Pliny and others;
but a few epigrams in
are these I have selecte
mains have been someti
of the same name, of w
lowing account: "An
tempore Augusti Cæsa
Pyladem, sicut constat
Ανθολογιας, lib. iv. tit
Bathyllum primos fuisse
claruisse, satis notum ex

The reader, who think
a strange oversight in Ho
cle from Vossius, Lexic. U

And many fount shall there distil,
  And many a rill refresh the flowers;
But wine shall gush in every rill,
  And every fount be milky showers.

Thus, shade of him whom Nature taught
  To tune his lyre and soul to pleasure,
Who gave to love his warmest thought,
  Who gave to love his fondest measure!

Thus, after death, if spirits feel,
  Thou may'st from odours round thee streaming,
A pulse of past enjoyment steal,
  And live again in blissful dreaming!

Τυ αυτυ, εις τον αυτον.

ΤΥΜΒΟΣ Ανακρεοντος. ἡ Τηΐος ἐνθάδε κύκνος
  Ἔυδει. χὴ παίδων ζωροτάτη μάτηρ.
Ἀμφὶν ἀμαιεύτοις μαλίζεται ἀμφὶ Βαθύλλῳ
  Ἰμερα· καὶ πίσσα λευκὸς ὁδοῖς λίθος.
Οὐδ' Ἀΐδης σοι ἠρωτας ἀπεσζεσιν· ἐν δ' Ἀχέροντος
  Ὢν, ὅλος ὠδίνεις Κυπριδὸς θερμοτερη.

Here sleeps Anacreon in this ivied shade!
Here mute in death the Teian swan is laid,

mentator; but he more than once confounds Brodæus with another annotator on the Anthologia, Vincentius Obsopœus, who has given a translation of the epigram.

———*the Teian swan is laid.*] Thus Horace of Pindar:

Multa Dircæum levat aurat cycnum.

of his eulogists.

Εν τοις μελιχροις Ι,
Λυαιος Ανακρεοντα,
Εσφηλας ὑγρη κεκτα

God of the grape t
In wine's bewilde
The fairest swan th
Along the Muse's

The Teian, nurs'd with all
The young Desires, light Lo
Still, still we catch thy lyre
Simonides, speaking of our

Μολπης δ' ε λαθη μελιτ
Βαρυτον υδη θανων

Nor yet are all his

d still thy sons of soft Bathylla bloom,
een as the ivy round the mouldering tomb!
r yet has death obscur'd thy fire of love,
l, still it lights thee through the Elysian
grove;
l dreams are thine, that bless th' elect
alone,
l Venus calls thee even in death her own!

Τυ αυτυ, εις τον αυτον.

INE, ταφον παρ' λιτον Ανακρεοντος αμειβων,
ι τι τοι εκ βιβλων ηλθεν εμων οφελος,
ισον εμη σποδιν, σπεισον, γανος, οφρα κεν ειην
σεκ γηθησε ταμα νοτιζομενα.
Διονυσυ μεμελημενος κασι κωμος,
ις ο φιλακρητυ συντροφος ἁρμονιης,
ε καταφθιμενος Βακχυ διχα τυτον ὑποισω
ον γενεν μεροπων χωρον οφειλομενον.*

ical poem upon women, preserved by Stobæus
ος γυναικων.
e may judge from the lines I have just quoted,
the import of the epigram before us, that the
ks of Anacreon were perfect in the times of Simo-
s and Antipater. Obsopœus, the commentator
, appears to exult in their destruction, and telling
ney were burned by the bishops and patriarchs, he
, "nec sane id necquiequ im fecerunt," attribu-
to this outrage an effect which it could never pro-
.
The spirit of Anacreon utters these verses from
tomb, somewhat "mutatus ab illo," at least in
licity of expression.

character by no means of a

Aussi c'est pour cela que
Là toujours justement d'
Comme un franc goguena
Ami de billets-doux et de

See the verses prefixed to
unlike the language of Thec
is indebted for the following

Εις Ανακρεοντος

Θασαι τον ανδριαντα
σπευδα, και λεγ', ε
Ανακρεοντος εικον' εισ
των προσθ' ει τι φε
προσθεις δε χωτι τοις
εγεις ατρεκεως ολον

Upon the statue
Stranger! who near this st
Let it awhile your studio

With passion's throb or pleasure's sigh,
In pity turn, as wandering nigh,
And drop thy goblet's richest tear
In exquisite libation here;
So shall my sleeping ashes thrill
With visions of enjoyment still.
I cannot even in death resign
The festal joys that once were mine,
When harmony pursu'd my ways,
And Bacchus wanton'd to my lays.
Oh! if delight could charm no more,
If all the goblets bliss were o'er,
When fate had once our doom decreed,
Then dying would be death indeed!
Nor could I think, unblest by wine,
Divinity itself divine!

And drop thy goblet's richest tear, etc.] Thus Simonides in another of his epitaphs on our poet:

Και μιν αει τεγγοι νοτερη δροσος, νε ὁ γεραιος
Λαροτερον μαλακων εππεον εκ στοματων.

Let vines, in clustering beauty wreath'd,
Drop all their treasures on his head,
Whose lips a dew of sweetness breath'd,
Richer than vine hath ever shed!

And Bacchus wanton'd to my lays, etc.] The original here is corrupted, the line ὡς ὁ Διονυσε, etc. is unintelligible.

Brunck's emendation improves the sense, but I doubt if it can be commended for elegance. He reads the line thus:

ὡς ὁ Διονυσοιο λελασμενος υπεστε παμαν.

See Brunck, Analecta Veter. Poet Græc. vol. iii.

ὑδει και Σμερδις το Ποθων κα
βαρβιτ', ανακρεκ νεκταρ ενα
νίβεκ γαρ Ερωτος εφυς σκοτος·
τοξα τε και σκολιας ειχεν ε

At length their golden hours
flight,
And drowsy death that ey
Thy harp, that whisper'd thr
ing night,
Now mutely in oblivion sl

Thy harp, that whisper'd thr
night, etc.] In another of these
speaking lyre" of the bard is not
even after his death.

ὡς ὁ φιλακρητος τε και οιν
παννυχιος κρουοι* την φ
Σιμωνι

for whom that harp profusely shed
urest nectar of its numbers,
young spring of thy desires, has fled,
'ith her blest Anacreon slumbers!

young spring of thy desires, etc.] The
:ο Ποθων καρ, is beautiful. We regret that
e should be lavished so preposterously, and
ıe poet's mistress Eurypyle would have de-
ıetter. Her name has been told us by Me-
already quoted, and in another epigram by

ε δεγκομενοισιν εν ομμασιν κλον ασιδοις,
σσων λιπαρες ανθος ὑπερθε κομας,
Ευρυπυλην τεταραμμενος - - - -

may the nymph around thee play,
rypyle, thy soul's desire!
ng her beauties in the ray
at lights thine eyes' dissolving fire!

of her smile's bewitching power,
r every grace that warms and blesses;
of her brow's luxuriant flower,
e beaming glory of her tresses.

pression here, ανθος κομης, "the flower of
is borrowed from Anacreon himself, as ap-
fragment of the poet preserved in Stobæus:
δ' ἀπαλης αμαμον ανθος.
est nectar of its numbers, etc.] Thus, says
ı the prologue to the Satires of Persius:

ıre credas Pegaseium nectar.

is the usual reading in this line, and Casau-
efended it; but "nectar," I think, is much
ted.

Farewell! thou hadst a pulse for every dart
That love could scatter from his quiver;
And every woman found in thee a heart,
Which thou, with all thy soul, didst give her!

Farewell! thou hadst a pulse for every dart, etc.] ἱερὸς σκοπὸς, "scopus eras naturâ," not "speculator," as Barnes very falsely interprets it.

Vincentius Obsopœus, upon this passage, contrives to indulge us with a little astrological wisdom, and talks in a style of learned scandal about Venus, "male posita cum Marte in domo Saturni."

And every woman found in thee a heart, etc.] This couplet is not otherwise warranted by the original, than as it dilates the thought which Antipater has figuratively expressed.

Critias, of Athens, pays a tribute to the legitimate gallantry of Anacreon, calling him, with elegant conciseness, γυναικῶν ἠπεροπευμα.

Τον δε γυναικειων μελεων πλεξαντα ποτ' ωδας,
Ἡδυν Ανακρεοντα,* Τεως εις Ἑλλαδ' ανηγεν,
Συμποσιων ερεθισμα, γυναικων ηπεροπευμα.

Teos gave to Greece her treasure,
Sage Anacreon, sage in loving;
Fondly weaving lays of pleasure
For the maids who blush'd approving!
Oh! in nightly banquets sporting,
Where's the guest could ever fly him?
Oh! with love's seduction courting,
Where's the nymph could e'er deny him?

* Thus Scaliger, in his dedicatory verses to Ronsard:

Blandus, Suaviloquos, dulcis Anacreon.

NTTLE'S POEMS.

LUISSE PUDET.—*Hor.*

Ταῦ ἐς' ονειρων νεοτερων φαντασματα, οἷον
Metroc. ap. Diog. Laërt. Lib. vi. ca

PREFACE

BY THE EDITOR.

HE Poems which I take the liberty of pub-
hing, were never intended by the author to
ss beyond the circle of his friends. He
ought, with some justice, that what are
lled Occasional Poems must be always in-
id and uninteresting to the greater part of
eir readers. The particular situations in
ich they were written; the character of the
thor, and of his associates; all these peculi-
ties must be known and felt before we can
ter into the spirit of such compositions. This
nsideration would have always, I believe,
evented Mr. LITTLE from submitting these
fles of the moment to the eye of dispassionate
.ticism; and if their posthumous introduction
the world be injustice to his memory, or in-
ision on the public, the error must be im-
ted to the injudicious partiality of friendship.
Mr. LITTLE died in his one-and-twentieth
ar; and most of these Poems were written
so early a period that their errors may claim
ne indulgence from the critic; their author,
unambitious as indolent, scarce ever looked
yond the moment of composition; he wrote
he pleased, careless whether he pleased as

much inculcates. Few
sincerely than myself; a
lived, the judgment of ri
chastened his mind, and t
ance of his fancy

Mr. LITTLE gave much
study of the amatory writ
pected to find in the ancie
sentiment, and variety of t
necessary to refine and an
love, he was much disappo
any one of them who can
model in that style; Ovid
rake, and Propertius like a s
mythological allusions of th
erudition by his commentat
tentatious display, upon a s
love, would be now esteem
vile and

Tibullus abounds with touches of fine and natural feeling. The idea of his unexpected return to Delia, "Tunc veniam subito,"* etc, is imagined with all the delicate ardour of a lover; and the sentiment of "nec te posse carere velim," however colloquial the expression may have been, is natural, and from the heart. But, in my opinion, the poet of Verona possessed more genuine feeling than any of them. His life was, I believe, unfortunate; his associates were wild and abandoned; and the warmth of his nature took too much advantage of the latitude which the morals of those times so criminally allowed to the passions. All this depraved his imagination, and made it the slave of his senses; but still a native sensibility is often very warmly perceptible; and when he touches on pathos, he reaches the heart immediately. They who have felt the sweets of return to a home from which they have long been absent will confess the beauty of those simple unaffected lines:

> O quid solutis est beatius curis!
> Cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
> Labore fessi venimus Larem ad nostrum
> Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto —*Carm.* xxxii.

His sorrows on the death of his brother are the very tears of poesy; and when he complains of the ingratitude of mankind, even the inexperienced cannot but sympathize with him.

* Lib. i. Eleg. 3.

I wish I were a poet: I should endea
catch, by translation, the spirit of thos
ties which I admire* so warmly.

It seems to have been peculiarly the
Catullus, that the better and more v
part of his poetry has not reached us; f
is confessedly nothing in his extant w
authorize the epithet "doctus," so uni
bestowed upon him by the ancients.
had suffered the rest to escape, we
should have found among them som
purely amatory; but of those we poss
there be a sweeter specimen of wa
chastened description, than his loves o
and Septimius? and the few little songs
liance to Lesbia, are distinguished by s
exquisite playfulness, that they have
been assumed as models by the most
modern Latinists. Still, I must confess
midst of these beauties,

——Medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipsis floribus an

It has often been remarked, that the s
knew nothing of gallantry; and we n
there was too much sincerity in their
allow them to trifle with the semblance

* In the following Poems, there is a trans
one of his finest Carmina; but I fancy it i
school-boy's essay, and deserves to be praised
more than the attempt.

† Lucretius.

. But I cannot perceive that they were thing more constant than the moderns: felt all the same dissipation of the heart, igh they knew not those seductive graces which gallantry almost teaches it to be ible. Wotton, the learned advocate for moderns, deserts them in considering this t of comparison, and praises the ancients heir ignorance of such a refinement; but eems to have collected his notions of gal-ry from the insipid *fadeurs* of the French iances, which are very unlike the senti-tal levity, the "grata protervitas," of a hester or a Sedley.

rom what I have had an opportunity of ob-ing, the early poets of our own language e the models which Mr. LITTLE selected mitation. To attain their simplicity (ævo-ssima nostro simplicitas) was his fondest ition. He could not have aimed at a grace e difficult of attainment;* and his life was o short a date to allow him to perfect such ste; but how far he was likely to have suc-led, the critic may judge from his produc-s.

It is a curious illustration of the labour which sim-ly requires, that the Ramblers of Johnson, elabo-as they appear, were written with fluency, and m required revision; while the simple language ousseau, which seems to come flowing from the t, was the slow production of painful labour, ing on every word, and balancing every sentence,

I have found among his papers a novel, in rather an imperfect state, which, as soon as I have arranged and collected it, shall be submitted to the public eye.

Where Mr. LITTLE was born, or what is the genealogy of his parents, are points in which very few readers can be interested. His life was one of those humble streams which have scarcely a name in the map of life, and the traveller may pass it by without inquiring its source or direction. His character was well known to all who were acquainted with him; for he had too much vanity to hide its virtues, and not enough of art to conceal its defects. The lighter traits of his mind may be traced perhaps in his writings: but the few for which he was valued live only in the remembrance of his friends.

T. M.

TO

J. AT—NS—N, Esq.

:AR SIR,

FEEL a very sincere pleasure in dedi-
; to you the second edition of our friend
LE's Poems. I am not unconscious that
are many in the collection which per-
it would be prudent to have altered or
d; and, to say the truth, I more than
revised them for that purpose; but, I
not why, I distrusted either my heart
judgment; and the consequence is, you
hem in their original form:

n possunt nostros maltæ, Faustine, lituræ
Emendare jocos: una litura potest.

n convinced, however, that though not
a *casuiste relâché*, you have charity
h to forgive such inoffensive follies;
now the pious Beza was not the less
d for those sportive *juvenilia* which he
ıed under a fictitious name; nor did the
of Bembo's poems prevent him from
g a very good cardinal.

elieve me, my dear friend,

With the truest esteem,

Yours,

T. M.

il 19, 1802.

POEMS, Etc.

TO JULIA.

N ALLUSION TO SOME ILLIBERAL CRITICISMS.

VHY, let the stingless critic chide
Vith all that fume of vacant pride
Vhich mantles o'er the pedant fool,
ike vapour on a stagnant pool!
h! if the song, to feeling true,
an please the elect, the sacred few,
Vhose souls, by Taste and Nature taught,
hrill with the genuine pulse of thought—
some fond feeling maid like thee,
he warm-ey'd child of Sympathy,
hall say, while o'er my simple theme
he languishes in Passion's dream,
He was, indeed, a tender soul—
No critic law, no chill control,
Should ever freeze by timid art,
The flowings of so fond a heart!"
es, soul of Nature! soul of Love!
hat, hov'ring like a snow-wing'd dove,
reath'd o'er my cradle warblings wild,
nd hail'd me Passion's warmest child!

Grant me the tear from Beauty's eye,
From Feeling's breast the votive sigh;
Oh! let my song, my mem'ry, find
A shrine within the tender mind;
And I will scorn the critic's chide,
And I will scorn the fume of pride,
Which mantles o'er the pedant fool
Like vapour on a stagnant pool!

TO A LADY,

WITH SOME MANUSCRIPT POEMS.

ON LEAVING THE COUNTRY.

When, casting many a look behind,
  I leave the friends I cherish here—
Perchance some other friends to find,
  But surely finding none so dear—

Haply the little simple page,
  Which votive thus I've trac'd for thee,
May now and then a look engage,
  And steal a moment's thought for me.

But, oh! in pity let not those
  Whose hearts are not of gentle mould,
Let not the eye that seldom flows
  With feeling tear, my song behold.

For, trust me, they who never melt
  With pity, never melt with love;

they will frown at all I've felt,
ıd all my loving lays reprove.

if, perhaps, some gentler mind,
hich rather loves to praise than blame,
ld in my page an interest find,
ıd linger kindly on my name;

him—or, oh! if gentler still,
' female lips my name be blest:
where do all affections thrill
sweetly as in woman's breast?—

her, that he whose loving themes
er eye indulgent wanders o'er,
d sometimes wake from idle dreams,
ıd bolder flights of fancy soar;

Glory oft would claim the lay,
ıd Friendship oft his numbers move;
vhisper then, that, "sooth to say,
His sweetest song was giv'n to LOVE!"

TO MRS. ———.

'F, in the dream that hovers
Around my sleeping mind,
Fancy thy form discovers,
And paints thee melting kind;

If joys from sleep I borrow,
Sure thou'lt forgive me this;

For he who wakes to sorrow,
At least may dream of bliss!

Oh! if thou art, in seeming,
All that I've e'er requir'd:
Oh! if I feel, in dreaming,
All that I've e'er desir'd;

Wilt thou forgive my taking
A kiss, or—something more?
What thou deny'st me waking,
Oh! let me slumber o'er!

TO THE LARGE AND BEAUTIFUL

MISS ——.

IN ALLUSION TO SOME PARTNERSHIP IN A LOTT SHARE.

IMPROMPTU.

Ego Pars—*Virg.*

In wedlock a species of lottery lies,
Where in blanks and in prizes we deal;
But how comes it that you, such a *capital pr*
Should so long have *remain'd in the whe*

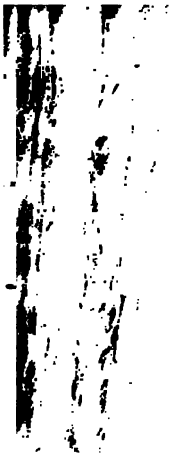
If ever, by Fortune's indulgent decree,
To me such a ticket should roll,
A *sixteenth*, Heav'n knows! were sufficient for *me;*
For what could I do with the *whole?*

TO JULIA.

WELL, Julia, if to love, and live
Mid all the pleasures love can give,
Be crimes that bring damnation;
You—you and I have giv'n such scope
To loves and joys, we scarce can hope,
In Heav'n, the least salvation!

And yet, I think, did Heav'n design
That blisses dear, like yours and mine,
Should be our own undoing;
It had not made my soul so warm,
Nor giv'n you such a witching form,
To bid me dote on ruin!

Then wipe away that timid tear;
Sweet truant! you have nought to fear,
Though you were whelm'd in sin;
Stand but at Heaven's gate awhile,
And you *so like an angel* smile,
They can't but *let you in.*



vows to be true
leaves me—
But could I expect

Oh, woman! your he
And Mahomet's do
When he thought yo
pleasure,
And reason and th
sphere.

By your heart, when
can win it,
He thinks that an ag
But, oh! while he's bl
minute—
If he live but a *day*, h

ITATION OF CATULLUS.*

TO HIMSELF.

Miser Catulle, desinas ineptire, etc.

se the sighing fool to play;
e to trifle life away;
vainly think those joys thine own,
ch all, alas! have falsely flown!
t hours, Catullus, once were thine,
fairly seem'd thy day to shine,
n lightly thou didst fly to meet
girl, who smil'd so rosy sweet—
girl thou lov'dst with fonder pain
e'er thy heart can feel again!
met—your souls seem'd all in one—
t little sports were said and done—
heart was warm enough for both,
ners, indeed, was nothing loath.
were the hours that once were thine;
ah! those hours no longer shine!
ow the nymph delights no more
at she lov'd so dear before;
ll Catullus now can do,
be proud and frigid too;

w poets knew better than Catullus what a
writer calls:

——— la delicatesse
D'un voluptueux sentiment;

passions too often obscured his imagination.

... soon he'll see the
Doom'd to a lone and
When none will seek t
Or come to traffic in d
Fly, perjur'd girl—but
Who now will praise th
Who now will drink th
Which tells him thou ar
Who now will court thy
Thy honey kiss, and tur
Oh! none.—And he wh
Can never, never love th

EPIGRA

YOUR mother says, my litt
There's *something not* com

TO JULIA.

ıH Fate, my girl, may bid us part,
souls it cannot, shall not sever;
ɜart will seek its kindred heart,
cling to it as close as ever.

ıst we, must we part indeed?
l our dream of rapture over?
ɔes not Julia's bosom bleed
ɜave so dear, so fond a lover?

he too mourn?— Perhaps she may;
aps she weeps our blisses fleeting:
ı is Julia's eye so gay,
lia's heart like mine is beating?

ıve lov'd the brilliant glow
ıpture in her blue eye streaming—
n the bosom bleed with woe,
le joy is in the glances beaming?

!—Yet, love, I will not chide,
ɔugh your heart *were* fond of roving:
ıt, nor all the world beside,
d keep your faithful boy from loving.

soon be distant from his eye,
with you, all that's worth possessing.
ıen it will be sweet to die,
n life has lost its only blessing!

Yet I love thee m

Why that little w
Glancing eye, an
Flushing warm, a
All is lovely, all e

Turn away those l
I am poison'd by th
Yet, again, ah! tu
Ruin's sweet, when

Oh! be less, be less
Let some little grac
Let my eyes, when l
Gaze awhile without

—

Boobies have look'd as wise and bright
As Plato or the Stagirite:
And many a sage and learned skull
Has peep'd through windows dark and dull:
Since then, though art do all it can,
We ne'er can reach the inward man,
Nor inward woman, from without,
(Though, ma'am, you *smile*, as if in doubt,)
I think 'twere well if Nature could
(And Nature could, if Nature would)
Some pretty short descriptions write,
In tablets large, in black and white,
Which she might hang about our throttles,
Like labels upon physic-bottles.
There we might read of all—But stay—
As learned dialects say,
The argument most apt and ample
For common use is the example.
For instance, then, if Nature's care,
Had not arranged those traits so fair,
Which speak the soul of Lucy L–nd–n,
This is the label she'd have pinn'd on.

LABEL FIRST.

Within this vase there lies enshrin'd
The purest, brightest gem of mind!
Though Feeling's hand may sometimes throw
Upon its charms the shade of woe,
The lustre of the gem, when veil'd,
Shall be but mellow'd, not conceal'd.

Now, sirs, imagine, if you're able,
That Nature wrote a second label,
They're her own words—at least suppose so—
And boldly pin it on Pomposo.

LABEL SECOND.

When I composed the fustian brain
Of this redoubted Captain Vain,
I had at hand but few ingredients,
And so was forc'd to use expedients.

I put therein some small discerning,
A grain of sense, a grain of learning;
And when I saw the void behind,
I fill'd it with—froth and wind!

* * * *

TO MRS. M——.

Sweet lady! look not thus again:
Those little pouting smiles recall
A maid remember'd now with pain,
Who was my love, my life, my all!

Oh! while this heart delirious took
Sweet poison from her thrilling eye,
Thus would she pout, and lisp, and look,
And I would hear, and gaze, and sigh!

:s, I did love her—madly love—
She was the sweetest, best deceiver!
ıd oft she swore she'd never rove!
And I was destin'd to believe her!

en lady, do not wear the smile
Of her whose smile could thus betray.
as! I think the lovely wile
Again might steal my heart away.

d when the spell that stole my mind
On lips so pure as thine I see,
ıar the heart which she resign'd
Will err again, and fly to thee!

SONG.

ıy, the world are all thinking about it;
And as for myself, I can swear,
fancied that heaven were without it,
'd scarce feel a wish to go there.

Mahomet would but receive me,
And Paradise be as he paints,
greatly afraid, God forgive me!
'd worship the eyes of his saints.

: why should I think of a trip
'o the prophet's seraglio above,
ıen Phillida gives me her lip,
.s my own little heaven of love!

Oh, Phyllis! that kiss may be sweeter
Than ever by mortal was given;
But your lip, love, is only St. Peter,
And keeps but the key to your heaven!

TO JULIA.

Mock me no more with Love's beguiling dream,
A dream, I find, illusory as sweet:
One smile of friendship, nay of cold esteem,
Is dearer far than passion's bland deceit!

I've heard you oft eternal truth declare;
Your heart was only mine, I once believ'd.
Ah! shall I say that all your vows were air!
And must I say, my hopes were all deceiv'd?

Vow, then, no longer that our souls are twin'd
That all our joys are felt with mutual zeal:
Julia! 'tis pity, pity makes you kind;
You know I love, and you would seem to feel.

But shall I still go revel in those arms
On bliss in which affection takes no part?
No, no! farewell! you give me but your charms,
When I had fondly thought you gave your heart!

IMPROMPTU.

Look in my eyes, my blushing fair!
Thoul't see thyself reflected there;
And as I gaze on thine, I see
Two little miniatures of me,
Thus in our looks some propagation lies,
For we *make babies* in each other's eyes!

TO ROSA.

Does the harp of Rosa slumber?
Once it breath'd the sweetest number.
Never does a wilder song
Steal the breezy lyre along,
When the wind, in odours dying,
Woos it with enamour'd sighing.
Does the harp of Rosa cease?
Once it told a tale of peace
To her lover's throbbing breast—
Then he was divinely blest!
Ah! but Rosa loves no more,
Therefore Rosa's song is o'er;
And her harp neglected lies;
And her boy forgotten sighs.
Silent harp—forgotten lover—
Rosa's love and song are over!

SYMPATHY.

TO JULIA.

Sine me sit nulla Venus.—*Sulpicia.*

Our hearts, my love, were doom'd to be
The genuine twins of Sympathy:
They live with one sensation:
In joy or grief, but most in love,
Our heart-strings musically move,
And thrill with like vibration.

How often have I heard thee say,
Thy vital pulse shall cease to play
When mine no more is moving!
Since, now, to feel a joy *alone*
Were worse to thee than feeling none:
Such sympathy is loving!

And oh! how often in those eyes,
Which melting beam'd, like azure skies
In dewy vernal weather—
How often have I raptur'd read
The burning glance, that silent said,
"Now, love, *we feel together*!"

TO JULIA.

I SAW the peasant's hand unkind,
  From yonder oak the ivy sever;
They seem'd in very being twin'd;
  Yet now the oak is fresh as ever.

Not so the widow'd ivy shines:
  Torn from its dear and only stay,
In drooping widowhood it pines,
  And scatters all its blooms away!

Thus, Julia, did our hearts entwine,
  Till Fate disturb'd their tender ties:
Thus gay indifference blooms in thine,
  While mine, deserted, droops and dies!

TO MRS. ———.

——amore
In canuti pensier si disconvene.—*Guarini.*

YES, I think I once heard of an amorous youth
  Who was caught in his grandmother's bed;
But I own I had ne'er such a liquorish tooth
  As to wish to be there in his stead.

'Tis for you, my dear madam, such conquests to make:
  Antiquarians may value you high:

But I swear I can't love for antiquity's sake,
Such a poor virtuoso am I.

I have seen many ruins all gilded with care,
But the cracks were still plain to the eye;
And I ne'er felt a passion to venture in there,
But turn'd up my nose and pass'd by!

I perhaps might have sigh'd in your magical chain
When your lip had more freshness to deck it;
But I'd hate even Dian herself *in the wane*,—
She might then *go to hell for a Hecate!*

No, no! when my heart's in these amorous faints,
Which is seldom, thank Heaven! the case,
For by reading the *Fathers*, and *Lives of the Saints*,
I keep up a stock of good grace:

But then 'tis the creature luxuriant and fresh,
That my passion with ecstacy owns;
For indeed, my dear madam, though fond *of the flesh*,
I never was partial to *bones!*

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY.

SWEET spirit! if thy airy sleep
  Nor sees my tears, nor hears my sighs,
Oh! I will weep, in lux'ry weep,
  Till the last heart drop fills mine eyes.

But if thy sainted soul can feel,
  And mingles in our misery;
Then, then, my breaking heart I'll seal—
  Thou shalt not hear one sigh from me!

The beam of morn was on the stream,
  But sullen clouds the day deform:
Thou wert, indeed, that morning beam,
  And death, alas! that sullen storm.

Thou wert not form'd for living here,
  For thou wert kindred with the sky;
Yet, yet, we held thee all so dear,
  We thought thou wert not form'd to die!

TO JULIA.

SWEET is the dream, divinely sweet,
When absent souls in fancy meet!—
At midnight, love! I'll think of thee!
At midnight, love! oh think of me:

TC

CAN I again that fo
Or on that lip in
No, no! the lip that
Shall never more

Can I again that lool
Which once could
No, no! the eye that
Shall never more b

—

WRITTEN IN THE

no Impression yet is seen,
no memorial yet has been,
should be my sweetest care
te my name for ever *there!*

SONG.

with this pouting and sadness!
:t girl! will you never give o'er!
'ou, by heaven! to madness,
what can I swear to you more?
: not the old woman's fable,
oaths are as short as a kiss;
: you as long as I'm able,
swear for no longer than this.

'aste not the time with professions:
ıot to be blest when we can,
f the darkest transgressions
happen 'twixt woman and man.—
moralist! why thus beginning
nnocent warmth to reprove?
knows that I never lov'd *sinning*,
pt little sinnings in love!

ring, however, will do it,
: bring me the calendar, pray—
by that lip, I'll go through it,
not miss a saint on my way.
gels shall help me to wheedle;
wear upon every one

That e'er danc'd on the point of a needle,
  Or rode on a beam of the sun!

Oh! why should Platonic control, love,
  Enchain an emotion so free!
Your soul, though a very sweet soul, love
  Will ne'er be sufficient for me.
If you think, by this coolness and scorning
  To seem more angelic than bright,
Be an angel, my love, in the morning,*
  But, oh! *be a woman to-night!*

TO ROSA.

LIKE him who trusts to summer skies,
  And puts his little bark to sea,
Is he who, lur'd by smiling eyes,
  Consigns his simple heart to thee.

For fickle is the summer wind,
  And sadly may the bark be tost;
For thou art sure to change thy mind,
  And then the wretched heart is lost!

* I believe Mr. Little alluded here to a fa
question among the early schoolmen: "How
thousand angels could dance on the point of
fine needle without jostling one another?" If he
have been thinking of the schools while he was w
this song, we cannot say "canit *indoctum*."

TO ROSA.

t! why should the girl of my soul be in tears
At a meeting of rapture like this,
ıen the glooms of the past and the sorrow of years
Iave been paid by a moment of bliss?

e they shed for that moment of blissful delight,
Which dwells on her memory yet?
, they flow, like the dews of the amorous night,
From the warmth of the sun that has set?

! sweet is the tear on that languishing smile,
That smile, which is loveliest then;
d if such are the drops that delight can beguile,
Thou shalt weep them again and again!

RONDEAU.

Good night! good night!"—And is it so!
d must I from my Rosa go?
, Rosa! say "Good night!" once more,
d I'll repeat it o'er and o'er,
l the first glance of dawning light
ll find us saying, still, "Good night!"

"Good night!" you'll
And tell me it is time t
And I will vow to kiss
Yet kiss you closer tha
Till slumber seal our w
And then, my love! my

AN ARGU

TO ANY PHILLIS

I've oft been told by learn
That wishing and the cr
And Heaven punishes des
As much as if the deed

If wishing damns us, you a
Are damn'd to all our he
Come, then, at least

TO ROSA.

WRITTEN DURING ILLNESS.

visest soul, by anguish torn,
l soon unlearn the lore it knew;
'hen the shining casket's worn,
gem within will tarnish too.

ve's an essence of the soul,
ich sinks not with the chain of clay;
throbs beyond the chill control
vith'ring pain or pale decay.

rely, when the touch of Death
olves the spirit's mortal ties,
till attends the soaring breath,
makes it purer for the skies!

osa! when, to seek its sphere,
soul shall leave this orb of men,
ove it found so blissful here
l be its best of blisses then!

s in fabled dreams of old,
e airy genius, child of time,
ed o'er each star that roll'd,
track'd it through its path sublime;

u, fair planet, not unled,
t through thy mortal orbit stray;

Thy lover's shade, divinely wed,
  Shall linger round thy wand'ring way.

Let other spirits range the sky,
  And brighten in the solar gem;
I'll bask beneath that lucid eye,
  Nor envy worlds of suns to them!

And, oh! if airy shapes may steal
  To mingle with a mortal frame,
Then, then, my love!—but drop the veil;
  Hide, hide from Heav'n the unholy flame.

No!—when that heart shall cease to beat,
  And when that breath at length is free;
Then Rosa, soul to soul we'll meet,
  And mingle to eternity!

ANACREONTIQUE.

In *lachrymas* verterat omne merum.
Tib. Lib. i. Eleg. 5.

PRESS the grape, and let it pour
Around the board its purple show'r;
And while the drops my goblet steep,
I'll think—in *woe* the clusters weep.

Weep on, weep on, my pouting vine!
Heaven grant no tears, but tears of wine.
Weep on; and, as thy sorrows flow,
I'll taste the *luxury of woe!*

ANACREONTIQUE.

END of my soul! this goblet sip,
'Twill chase that pensive tear;
not so sweet as woman's lip,
ut, oh! 'tis more sincere.
Like her delusive beam,
'Twill steal away thy mind;
But, like Affection's dream,
It leaves no sting behind!

ne, twine the wreath, thy brows to shade;
hese flow'rs were cull'd at noon;—
e woman's love the rose will fade,
ut, ah! not half so soon!
For though the flow'r's decay'd,
Its fragrance is not o'er;
But once when love's betray'd,
The heart can bloom no more!

---

ither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more!"
St. John, chap. viii.

---

woman! if by simple wile
hy soul has stray'd from honour's track,
mercy only can beguile,
y gentle ways, the wand'rer back.

stain that on thy virtue lies,
Vash'd by thy tears, may yet decay;

LOVE AND

Eque brevi verbo fer

STILL the question I mu
Still a wayward truant
Where I love, I must not
Where I marry, canno

Were she the fairest of cı
With the least presumi
Learned without affectatic
Not deceitful, yet refin'c

Wise enough, but never rio

never bear enslaving;
r garments suit them best:
f is not worth having,
: by compulsion blest.

THE KISS.

si in lecto nusquam potuere doceri.
Ovid, Lib. ii. Eleg. 5.

, my love, that billing kiss
it you one delicious night,
irning epicures in bliss,
ed inventions of delight.

ently steal my lips along,
t your lips in murmurs move.—
-again—that kiss was wrong,—
an you be so dull, my love?

cease!" the blushing girl replied—
her milky arms she caught me—
in you thus your pupil chide;
now 'twas *in the dark* you taught me!"

And in thy breatl
Who suns him in th
And faints upon tl

I'll ask him where's
That used to shade
And why those eyes
When other suns a

And I will say—her a
Has never throbbec
Her bosom is the swee
Where slumber cou

And I will say her chec
Which glow like ros
Have never felt a blush
Except for what her

NONSENSE.

›D reader! if you e'er have seen,
/hen Phœbus hastens to his pillow,
: mermaids, with their tresses green,
'ancing upon the western billow,
ɔu have seen, at twilight dim,
en the lone spirit's vesper hymn
loats wild along the winding shore:
ɔu have seen through mist of eve,
: fairy train that ringlets weave,
ncing along she spangled green:
'you have seen all this, and more,
. bless me! what a deal you've seen!

TO JULIA.

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

EN Time was entwining the garland of years,
'hich to crown my beloved was given;
ugh some of the leaves might be sullied with tears,
et the flowers were all gather'd in heaven!

long may this garland be sweet to the eye,
ay its verdure for ever be new!
ng Love shall enrich it with many a sigh,
nd Pity shall nurse it with dew!

For, ah! my heart,
The glitt'ring drea
And, long before it r
The sun of life is o

—

TO

A far conserva, e cumul

—

And are you then a thi
Seducing all and lovi
And have I strove to gai
Which every coxcomb
And do

Do you thus seek to flirt a number,
And through a round of danglers run,
Because your heart's insipid slumber
Could never wake to *feel* for *one?*

Tell me at once if this be true,
And I shall calm my jealous breast;
Shall learn to join the dangling crew,
And share your simpers with the rest.

But if your heart be not so free,—
Oh! if another share that heart,
Tell not the damning tale to me,
But mingle mercy with your art.

I'd rather think you black as hell,
Than find you to be all divine,
And know that heart could love so well,
Yet know that heart would *not* be mine!

LOVE IN A STORM.

Quam juvat immites ventos audire cubantem,
Et dominam tenero continuisse sinu. *Tibullus.*

Loud sung the wind in the ruins above,
Which murmur'd the warnings of time o'er
our head;
While fearless we offer'd devotions to Love,
The rude rock our pillow, the rushes our bed.

Though the s
pest did fr
Her sighs were
dear,
As if she lay l

JESSY on a bank w
A flow'r beneath
Love upon her slu
Stole the flower

Pity, then, poor Je
Who becalm'd by
Never felt what Lo

THE SURPRISE.

ORIS, I swear, by all I ever swore,
t from this hour I shall not love thee
more.—
'hat! love no more? Oh! why this alter'd
vow?"
ause I *cannot* love thee *more*—than *now!*

TO A SLEEPING MAID.

KE, my life! thy lover's arms
twin'd around thy sleeping charms:
ke, my love! and let desire
dle those op'ning orbs of fire.

, sweetest, though the bliss delight thee,
ıe guilt, the shame affright thee,
l those orbs in darkness keep;
ɔp, my girl, or *seem to sleep.*

TO PHILLIS.

LLIS, you little rosy rake,
'hat heart of yours I long to rifle:
ne, give it me, and do not make
o much ado about a *trifle!*

SONG.

When the heart's feeling
Burns with concealing,
Glances will tell what we fear to confess:
Oh! what an anguish
Silent to languish,
Could we not look all we wish to express!

When half-expiring,
Restless, desiring,
Lovers wish something, but must not say what,
Looks tell the wanting,
Looks tell the granting,
Looks betray all that the heart would be at.

THE BALLAD.*

Thou hast sent me a flowery band,
And told me 'twas fresh from the field;
That the leaves were untouch'd by the hand,
And the purest of odours would yield.

* This ballad was probably suggested by the following epigram in Martial:

Intactas quare mittis mihi, Polla, coronas,
A te vexatas malo tenere rosas.

Epig. xc. lib. ii.—L.

And indeed it was fragrant and fair;
  But, if it were handled by thee
It would bloom with a livelier air,
  And would surely be sweeter to me!

Then take it, and let it entwine
  Thy tresses, so flowing and bright;
And each little floweret will shine
  More rich than a gem to my sight.

Let the odorous gale of thy breath
  Embalm it with many a sigh;
Nay, let it be wither'd to death
  Beneath the warm noon of thine eye.

And, instead of the dew that it bears,
  The dew dropping fresh from the tree:
On its leaves let me number the tears
  That Affection has stolen from thee!

TO MRS. ——.

ON HER BEAUTIFUL TRANSLATION OF VOITURE'S KISS.

Mon ame sur ma lèvre était lors toute entière,
  Pour savourer le miel qui sur la vôtre était;
Mais en me retirant, elle resta derrière,
  Tant de ce doux plaisir l'amorce arrêtoit! *Voit.*

How heav'nly was the poet's doom,
  To breathe his spirit through a kiss:

And lose within so sweet a tomb
  The trembling messenger of bliss:

And, ah! his soul return'd to feel
  That it *again* could ravish'd be;
For in the kiss that thou didst steal,
  His life and soul have fled to thee!

TO A LADY.

ON HER SINGING.

Thy song has taught my heart to feel
  Those soothing thoughts of heav'nly love
Which o'er the sainted spirits steal
  When list'ning to the spheres above!

When, tir'd of life and misery,
  I wish to sigh my latest breath,
Oh, Emma! I will fly to thee,
  And thou shalt sing me into death!

And if along thy lip and cheek
  That smile of heav'nly softness play,
Which,—ah! forgive a mind that's weak,
  So oft has stol'n my mind away,

Thou'lt seem an angel of the sky,
  That comes to charm me into bliss:
I'll gaze and die—Who would not die,
  If death were half so sweet as this?

A DREAM.

ɜHT this heart consuming lay
'upid's burning shrine:
ıt he stole thy heart away,
plac d it near to mine.

ıy heart begin to melt,
ice before the sun;
.h a glow congenial felt,
ımingled into one!

TEN IN A COMMON-PLACE BOOK, LED "THE BOOK OF FOLLIES."

every one that opened it should contribute something.

TO THE BOOK OF FOLLIES.

ibute's from a wretched elf,
ıils thee, emblem of himself!
ɔk of life which I have trac'd,
en, like thee, a motley waste
es scribbled o'er and o'er,
ly bringing hundreds more.
ave indeed been writ so neat,
acters so fair, so sweet,
ose who judge not too severely,
aid they lov'd such follies dearly:
l, O book! the illusion stands;
se were penn'd by *female* hands:

The rest,—alas! I own the truth,—
Have all been scribbled so uncouth,
That Prudence, with a with'ring look,
Disdainful flings away the book.
Like thine, its pages here and there
Have oft been stain'd with blots of care;
And sometimes hours of peace, I own,
Upon some fairer leaves have shown,
White as the snowings of that heaven
By which those hours of peace were given.
But now no longer—such, oh! such
The blast of disappointment's touch!—
No longer now those hours appear;
Each leaf is sullied by a tear:
Blank, blank, is every page with care,
Not e'en a folly brightens there.
Will they yet brighten?—Never, never!
Then *shut the book*, O God! for ever!

WRITTEN IN THE SAME.

TO THE PRETTY LITTLE MRS. ——.

IMPROMPTU.

Magis venustatem an brevitatem mireris incertum est.
Macrob. Sat. lib. ii. cap. 2.

THIS journal of folly's an emblem of me;
But what book shall we find emblematic of thee?

Oh! shall we not say thou art *Love's duodecimo?*
None can be prettier; few can be less, you know.
Such a volume in sheets were a volume of charms;
Or if *bound*, it should only be *bound in our arms!*

SONG.

DEAR! in pity do not speak;
In your eyes I read it all,
In the flushing of your cheek,
In those tears that fall.
Yes, yes, my soul! I see
You love, you live for only me!

Beam, yet beam that killing eye,
Bid me expire in luscious pain;
But kiss me; kiss me while I die,
And, oh! I live again!
Still, my love, with looking kill,
And, oh! revive with kisses still!

THE TEAR.

ON beds of snow the moonbeam slept,
And chilly was the midnight gloom,

When by the dark grave Ellen wept—
  Sweet maid! it was her Lindor's tomb!

A warm tear gush'd, the wintry air
  Congeal'd it as it flow'd away:
All night it lay an ice-drop there,
  At morn it glittered in the ray!

An angel, wand'ring from her sphere,
  Who saw this bright, this frozen gem,
To dew-ey'd Pity brought the tear,
  And hung it on her diadem!

TO ——.

In bona cur quisquam tertius ista venit?—*Ovid.*

So! Rosa turns her back on me,
Thou walking monument! for thee;
Whose visage, like a grave-stone scribbled,
With vanity bedaub'd, befribbled,
Tells only, to the *reading* eye,
That underneath corrupting lie,
Within thy heart's contagious tomb
(As in a cemetery's gloom,)
Suspicion, rankling to infection,
And all the worms of black reflection!

And thou art Rosa's dear elect,
  And thou hast won the lovely trifle;
And I must bear repulse, neglect,
  And I must all my anguish stifle:

While thou for ever linger'st nigh,
  Scowling, mutt'ring, gloating, mumming,
Like some sharp, busy, fretful fly,
  About a twinkling taper humming.

TO JULIA.

WEEPING.

Oh! if your tears are giv'n to care,
  If real woe disturbs your peace,
Come to my bosom, weeping fair!
  And I will bid your weeping cease.

But if with Fancy's vision'd fears,
  With dreams of woe your bosom thrill;
You look so lovely in your tears,
  That I must bid you drop them still!

SONG.

Have you not seen the timid tear
  Steal trembling from mine eye?
Have you not mark'd the flush of fear,
  Or caught the murmur'd sigh?
And can you think my love is chill,
  Nor fix'd on you alone?
And can you rend, by doubting still,
  A heart so much your own?

I'll bless yo

T

Oh! did you n
And did you
Which rode on
And sung a g

Was it a wailing
Which shrieks
Or a shivering fie
To howl and to

'Twas *not* the deat
Nor shivering fi
'Twas the shade of
It screams for the

See, how the

That shield is blushing with murderous stains;
  Long has it hung from the cold yew's spray;
It is blown by storms and wash'd by rains,
  But neither can take the blood away!

Oft by that yew, on the blasted field,
  Demons dance to the red moon's light;
While the damp bows creak, and the swinging shield
  Sings to the raving spirit of night!

TO MRS. ——.

Yes, Heaven can witness how I strove
To love thee with a spirit's love;
To make thy purer wish my own,
And mingle with thy mind alone.
Oh! I appeal to those pure dreams
In which my soul has hung on thee,
And I've forgot thy witching form,
And I've forgot the liquid beams
That eye effuses, thrilling warm—
Yes, yes, forgot each sensual charm.
Each madd'ning spell of luxury,
That could seduce my soul's desires,
And bid it throb with guiltier fires.—
Such *was* my love, and many a time,
When sleep has giv'n thee to my breast,
And thou hast seem'd to share the crime
Which made thy lover wildly blest,
E'en then, in all that rich delusion,
When, by voluptuous visions fir'd,

...and blush'd
Yet sigh'd t
Such *was* m
I might have
My heart mi
And thou its
There, there
Myself divine
But, oh! that
When, both be
We sunk bene
Which for a m
And on the dan
And almost yiel
God! how I wis
That lips alone,
Had for a mome
To make our sou
That we might m
In all of love's de
And in a kiss of

ı the pure fount of ancient lay,
oul has drawn the placid balm,
:h charm'd its little griefs away;
there I find that balm no more.
e spells, which make us oft forget
leeting troubles of the day,
eper sorrows only whet
stings that cannot tear away.
ı to my pillow rack'd I fly,
wearied sense and wakeful eye,
e my brain maddens, where, O where
ıt serene consoling pray'r,
:h once has harbinger'd my rest,
ı the still soothing voice of Heaven
seem'd to whisper in my breast,
ep on, thy errors are forgiven!"
hough I still in semblance pray,
houghts are wandering far away;
e'en the name of Deity
rmur'd out in sighs for thee!*

ELEGIAC STANZAS,

SED TO BE WRITTEN BY JULIA ON THE DEATH OF HER BROTHER.

GH sorrow long has worn my heart;
ough every day I've counted o'er
brought a new and quick'ning smart
wounds that rankled fresh before;

his irregular recurrence of the rhymes is adopted
he light poetry of the French, and is, I think,

Though in my earliest life bereft
  Of many a link by nature tied,
Though hope deceiv'd, and pleasure left
  Though friends betray'd and foes belie

I still had hopes—for hope will stay
  After the sunset of delight;
So like the star which ushers day,
  We scarce can think it heralds night.

I hop'd that, after all its strife,
  My weary heart at length should rest,
And, fainting from the waves of life,
  Find harbour in a brother's breast.

That brother's breast was warm with tru
  Was bright with honour's purest ray;
He was the dearest, gentlest youth—
  Oh! why then was he torn away?

He should have stay'd, have linger'd here
  To calm his Julia's every woe;
He should have chas'd each bitter tear,
  And not have caus'd those tears to flow

We saw his youthful soul expand
  In blooms of genius, nurs'd by taste;
While Science, with a fost'ring hand,
  Upon his brow her chaplet plac'd.

particularly suited to express the varieties of
In gentler emotions, the verse may flow pe
regular; and in the transition to violent p
assume all the animated abruptness of
Besides, by dispensing with the [illegible] of di
stanza, it allows an interchange [illegible] of
timent.

saw his gradual op'ning mind
nrich'd by all the graces dear:
ighten'd, social, and refin'd;
ı friendship firm, in love sincere.

h was the youth we lov'd so well;
ıch were the hopes that fate denied—
lov'd, but, ah! we could not tell
ow deep, how dearly, till he died!

ıe as the fondest links could strain,
win'd with my very heart it grew;
by that fate which breaks the chain,
he heart is almost broken too!

FANNY OF TIMMOL.

A MAIL-COACH ADVENTURE.

Quadrigis petimus bene vivere.—*Horace.*

ET Fanny of Timmol! when first you came in
) the close little carriage in which I was hurl'd,
ught to myself, if it were not a sin,
ould teach you the prettiest tricks in the world.

your dear little lips, to their destiny true,
em'd to know they were born for the use of another;

Let them say what tl
your eye
More comical thing

And oft as we min
feet,
I felt a pulsation, a
In yours or in mine—
And I think we b
together.

At length when arriv
I heard with a sigh,
pain,
That perhaps our last
that,
And Fanny should

en first did I learn that you once had believ'd
ome lover, the dearest and falsest of men;
l so gently you spoke of the youth who deceiv'd,
'hat I thought you perhaps might be tempted again.

you told me that passion a moment amus'd,
Vas follow'd too often by an age of repenting;
l check'd me so softly, that while you refus'd,
'orgive me dear girl, if I thought 'twas consenting!

l still I entreated, and still you denied,
'ill I almost was made to believe you sincere;
ough I found that in bidding me leave you, you sigh'd,
nd when you repuls'd me, 'twas done with a tear.

rain did I whisper, "There's nobody nigh;"
n vain with the tremors of passion implore;
ir excuse was a kiss, and a tear your reply—
acknowledg'd them both, and I ask'd for no more.

s I right?—oh! I cannot believe I was wrong.
'oor Fanny is gone back to Timmol again;

And may Providence guide her uninj
Nor scatter her path with repea
pain!

By Heav'n! I would rather for ever
The elysium that dwells on a
breast,
Than alarm for a moment the *pea*
there,
Or banish the *dove* from so hallow

A NIGHT THOUGHT

How oft a cloud, with envious veil,
Obscures yon bashful light,
Which seems so modestly to steal
Along the waste of night!

'Tis thus the world's obtrusive wro
Obscure with malice keen
Some timid heart, which only long
To live and die unseen!

ELEGIAC STANZ

Sic juvat perire.

When wearied wretches sink
How heavenly soft their slur
How sweet is death to those w
To those who weep and lon

Saw you the soft and grassy bed,
Where flow'rets deck the green earth's breast?
'Tis there I wish to lay my head,
'Tis there I wish to sleep at rest!

Oh! let not tears embalm my tomb,
None but the dews by twilight given!
Oh! let not sighs disturb the gloom,
None but the whispering winds of heaven!

THE KISS.

Grow to my lip, thou sacred kiss,
On which my soul's beloved swore
That there should come a time of bliss,
When she would mock my hopes no more;
And fancy shall thy glow renew,
In sighs at morn and dreams at night,
And none shall steal thy holy dew
Till thou'rt absolv'd by rapture's rite.
Sweet hours that are to make me blest,
Oh! fly, like breezes, to the goal,
And let my love, my more than soul,
Come panting to this fever'd breast;
And while in every glance I drink
The rich o'erflowings of her mind,
Oh! let her all impassion'd sink,
In sweet abandonment resign'd,
Blushing for all our struggles past,
And murmuring, "I am thine at last!"

TO ——.

With all my soul then let us part,
Since both are anxious to be free;
And I will send you home your heart,
If you will send mine back to me.

We've had some happy hours together,
But joy must often change its wing;
And spring would be but gloomy weather,
If we had nothing else but spring.

'Tis not that I expect to find
A more devoted, fond and true one,
With rosier cheek or sweeter mind—
Enough for me that she's a new one.

Thus let us leave the bower of love,
Where we have loiter'd long in bliss;
And you may down *that* path-way rove,
While I shall take my way through *this*.

Our hearts have suffer'd little harm
In this short fever of desire;
You have not lost a single charm,
Nor I one spark of feeling fire.

My kisses have not stain'd the rose
Which nature hung upon your lip!
And still your sigh with nectar flows
For many a rapture'd soul to sip.

Farewell! and when some other fair
  Shall call your wand'rer to her arms,
'Twill be my lux'ry to compare
  Her spells with your remember'd charms.

"This cheek," I'll say, "is not so bright
  As one that us'd to meet my kiss;
This eye has not such liquid light
  As one that us'd to talk of bliss!"

Farewell! and when some future lover
  Shall claim the heart which I resign,
And in exulting joys discover
  All the charms that once were mine;

I think I should be sweetly blest,
  If, in a soft imperfect sigh,
You'd say while to his bosom prest,
  He loves not half so well as I!

A REFLECTION AT SEA.

See how, beneath the moonbeam's smile,
  Yon little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for awhile,
  And murmuring then subsides to rest.

Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
  Rises on Time's eventful sea;
And having swell'd a moment there,
  Thus melts into eternity!

Have now two years of
And he before his wheel
The grand menagerie of
While I have met on ear
As many brutes as he ha
The only diff'rence I ca
Betwixt the flaming god
Is, that his ways are peri
And mine, I fear are sim
But, dearest girl! 'tis no
Of two short years, or le
Since you to me, and I to
Vow'd to be ever fondly
Ah, Julia! those were pl
You loved me for my am'
And I lov'd you, because
'Twas so delicious to be
By such a charming guid
With eyes of fire and lips
All I had often fancied o'e

st so 'tis now, we meet each other,
ıd I'm no more than Julia's brother;
hile she's so like my prudent sister,
ıere's few would think how close I've kist
her.

But, Julia, let those matters pass!
you will brim a sparkling glass
ı vanish'd hours of true delight,
ıme to me after dusk to-night.
I have no other guest to meet you,
ıt here alone I'll *tête-à-tête* you,
'er a little attic feast.
full of cordial soul at least,
those where Delia met Tibullus,
Lesbia wanton'd with Catullus.*

I'll sing you many a roguish sonnet
ıout it, at it, and upon it:
ıd songs address'd, as if I lov'd,
ı all the girls with whom I've rov'd,
ıme, pr'ythee come, you'll find me here,
ke Horace, waiting for his dear.†
ıere shall not be to-night, on earth,
vo souls more elegant in mirth;
ıd though one hey-day passion's fled,
ıe *spirit* of the love that's dead
all hover wanton o'er my head;

* Cœnam, non sine candidâ puellâ.
Cat. Carm. xiii.

† ——— puellam
mediam noctem expecto. *Hor.* Lib. i. sat. 5.

AN ODE UPON

TURN to me, love! the mc
Are glowing o'er thy lar
Take one luxurious partin
While yet I linger in thi

'Twas long before the noon
I stole into thy bosom, de
And now the glance of daw
Has found me still in dal

Turn to me, love! the trem
Of morn along thy white
Away, away, you envious b
I'll chase you with my lip

Oh! is it not divine to think
While all around were lul

'hen, then awak'd its sweetest pow'rs
And all was animation there?

iss me once more, and then I fly,
Our parting would to noon-day last;
'here, close that languid trembling eye
And sweetly dream of all the past!

s soon as Night shall fix her seal
Upon the eyes and lips of men,
h, dearest! I will panting steal
To nestle in thine arms again!

ur joys shall take their stolen flight,
Secret as those celestial spheres
Vhich make sweet music all the night,
Unheard by drowsy mortal ears!

SONG.*

H! nothing in life can sadden us,
While we have wine and good humour in store;
With this, and a little of love to madden us,
Show me the fool that can labour for more!

* There are many spurious copies of this song in irculation; and it is universally attributed to a gen-leman who has no more right than the Editor of these oems to any share whatever in the composition. E.

Come, then, bid Ganymede fill every
you,
Fill them up brimmers, and drink
I'm going to toast every nymph of m
you,
Ay, on my soul, I'm in love with

Dear creatures! we can't live witho
They re all that is sweet and sed
man;
Looking, sighing about and about th
We dote on them, die for them, all
can.

Here's Phillis!—whose innocent bos
Is always agog for some novel desi
To-day to get lovers, to morrow to
Is all that the innocent Phillis requ
Here's to the gay little Jessy!—who
So vastly good-humour'd, whatever
She'll kiss you, and that without wl
whimpers,
And do what you please with you-
of fun!
Dear creature

A bumper to Fanny!—I know you w
her,
Because she's a prude, and her n
curl'd;
But if ever you chatted with Fan in a
You'd say she's the best little girl
world!—

Another to Lyddy!—still struggling with duty,
And asking her conscience still, "whether she should;"
While her eyes, in the silent confession of beauty,
Say, "Only for *something* I certainly would!"
Dear creatures, etc.

Fill for Chloe!—bewitchingly simple,
Who angles the heart without knowing her lure;
Still wounding around with a blush or a dimple,
Nor seeming to feel that she also could cure!
Here's pious Susan!—the saint, who alone, sir,
Could ever have made me religious outright:
For had I such a dear little saint of my own, sir,
I'd pray on my knees to her half the long night!
Dear creatures, etc.

IE, tell me where the maid is found,
hose heart can love without deceit,
I will range the world around,
sigh one moment at her feet.

ell me where's her sainted home,
at air receives her blessed sigh,
rimage of years I'll roam
atch one sparkle of her eye!

Oh! 'tis the ut

SWEETEST love!
Time shall only
Fonder, warmer t
Lovely, gentle a
Farewell, B

Yet, oh! yet again
And repose our h
Oh! sure 'twill ther
Calm to think on
Farewell, Be

Yes, my girl, the dis
Mayn't be always
And the moment of p
Will't not, love,

Still I feel my heart is breaking,
  When I think I stray from thee,
Round the world that quiet seeking,
  Which I fear is not for me!
    Farewell, Bessy!

Calm to peace thy lover's bosom—
  Can it, dearest! must it be?
Thou within an hour shall lose him,
  He for ever loses thee!
    Farewell, Bessy!

SONG.

If I swear by that eye, you'll allow
  Its look is so shifting and new,
That the oath I might take on it now,
  The very next glance would undo!

Those babies that nestle so sly,
  Such different arrows have got,
That an oath on the glance of an eye
  Such as yours, may be off in a shot!

Should I swear by the dew on your lip,
  Though each moment the treasure renews,
If my constancy wishes to trip,
  I may kiss off the oath when I choose!

Or a sigh may disperse from that flow'r
  The dew and the oath that are there!
And I'd make a new vow ev'ry hour,
  To lose them so sweetly in air.

JULIA'S KISS.

When infant Bliss in roses slept,
Cupid upon his slumber crept;
And while a balmy sigh he stole,
Exhaling from the infant's soul,
He smiling said, "With this, wi
"I'll scent my Julia's burning ki

Nay more! he stole to Venus'
Ere yet the sanguine flush had fle
Which Love's divinest, dearest fl
Had kindled through her panting
Her soul still dwelt on memory's
Still floated in voluptuous dreams
And every joy she felt before
In slumber now was acting o'er.
From her ripe lips, which seem'd
As in the war of kisses still,
And amorous to each other clung

TO ——.

Remember him thou leav'st behind,
  Whose heart is warmly bound to thee,
Close as the tend'rest links can bind
  A heart as warm as heart can be.

Oh! I had long in freedom rov'd
  Though many seem'd my soul to share;
'Twas passion when I thought I lov'd,
  'Twas fancy when I thought them fair.

E'en she, my muse's early theme,
  Beguil'd me only while she warm'd;
'Twas young Desire that fed the dream,
  And reason broke what passion form'd.

But thou—ah! better had it been
  If I had still in freedom rov'd,
I had ne'er thy beauties seen,
  For then I never should have lov'd.

en all the pain which lovers feel
Had never to my heart been known;
ah! the joys which lovers steal,
hould they have ever been my own?

trust me, when I swear thee this,
arest! the pain of loving thee,
very pain, is sweeter bliss
an passion's wildest ecstacy!

little cage I would not part,
hich my soul is prison'd now,
e most light and winged heart
wantons on the passing vow.

As I was destin'd to be

SON(

A CAPTIVE thus to thee, n
How sweetly shall I pas
Contented, like the playfi
To wanton up and dowı

When death shall envy joy
And come to shade our
Be our last sigh the sigh o
And both our souls exha

"Come, tell me the number, repeat me the list
"Of the nymphs you have lov'd and caressed."—
Oh, Rosa! 'twas only my fancy that rov'd,
My heart at the moment was free;
But I'll tell thee my girl, how many I've lov'd,
And the number shall finish with thee!

My tutor was Kitty; in infancy wild
She taught me the way to be blest;
She taught me to love her, I lov'd like a child,
But Kitty could fancy the rest.
This lesson of dear and enrapturing lore
I have never forgot, I allow;
I have had it *by rote* very often before,
But never *by heart* until now!

Pretty Martha was next, and my soul was all flame,
But my head was so full of romance,
That I fancied her into some chivalry dame,
And I was her knight of the lance!
But Martha was not of this fanciful school,
And she laugh'd at her poor little knight;
While I thought her a goddess, she thought me a fool,
And I'll swear *she* was most in the right.

My soul was now calm till, by Cloris's looks,
Again I was tempted to rove;
But Cloris, I found was so learned in books,
That she gave me more logic than love!

And the worst of it w
On the road that w
"Oh, Susan!" I've
mirth,
"What's devotion
I devoutly believe th
And believe that th

* *

A FRA

TO

'Tis night, the spectred
Pensive I hear the moa
Passing, with sad sepul
My lyre that hangs neg
And seems to mourn fo
That lyre was once att

ın in wild riot through my veins,
'e wak'd such sweetly-madd'ning strains,
ı if by inspiration's fire
y soul was blended with my lyre!
ı! while in every fainting note
e heard the soul of passion float;
hile in thy blue dissolving glance,
'e raptur'd read thy bosom's trance,
'e sung and trembled, kiss'd and sung
ll, as we mingle breath with breath,
ıy burning kisses parch my tongue,
y hands drop listless on the lyre,
ıd, murmuring like a swan in death,
ɔon thy bosom I expire!
:s, I indeed remember well
ıose hours of pleasure past and o'er;
hy have I liv'd their sweets to tell?
ı tell, but never feel them more!
hould have died, have sweetly died,
one of those impassion'd dreams,
hen languid, silent on my breast,
inking thine eyes' delicious beams,
y soul has flutter'd from its nest,
ıd on thy lip just parting sigh'd!
ı! dying thus a death of love,
ı heav'n how dearly should I go!
ɔ well might hope for joys above,
ho had begun them here below!

* * * * *

And yet she o

Was that her foo
Her voice upo
No, 'twas the wi
Oh, maid of M

Come to me, love
'Tis past the pr
Come to me, love,
Shall guide thee

When time, who st
Shall steal our pl
The mem'ry of the
And half our joys

Then talk no more of future gloom;
  Our joys shall always last;
For hope shall brighten days to come,
  And mem'ry gild the past!

Come Chloe, fill the genial bowl,
  I drink to Love and thee:
Thou never canst decay in soul,
  Thou'lt still be young for me.

And as thy lips the tear-drop chase,
  Which on my cheek they find,
So hope shall steal away the trace
  Which sorrow leaves behind!

Then fill the bowl—away with gloom!
  Our joys shall always last;
For hope shall brighten days to come,
  And mem'ry gild the past!

But mark, at thought of future years
  When love shall lose its soul,
My Chloe drops her timid tears,
  They mingle with my bowl!

How like this bowl of wine, my fair,
  Our loving life shall fleet;
Though tears may sometimes mingle there,
  The draught shall still be sweet!

Then fill the bowl—away with gloom!
  Our joys shall always last;
For hope will brighten days to come,
  And mem'ry gild the past!

A long, long pilgrimage . . .
And many an altar on my way
Has lur'd my pious steps to stay;
For, if the saint was young and fai
I turn'd and sung my vespers there
This, from a youthful pilgrim's fire,
Is what your pretty saints require :
To pass, nor tell a single bead,
With them would be *profane indee*
But trust me, all this young devoti
Was but to keep my zeal in motio
And, ev'ry *humbler altar* past,
I now have reach'd THE SHRINE :

REUBEN AND R(

A TALE OF ROMANC)

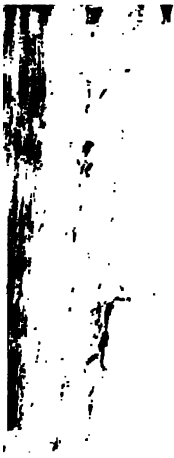
THE darkness which hung upon

ough the valleys were brighten'd by many
a beam,
Yet none could the woods of the castle il-
lume;
d the lightning which flash'd on the neigh-
bouring stream,
'lew back, as if fearing to enter the gloom!

h! when shall this horrible darkness dis-
perse?"
aid Willumberg's lord to the seer of the
cave;
can never dispel," said the wizzard of
verse,
Till the bright star of chivalry's sunk in
the wave!"

d who was the bright star of chivalry then?
Who could be but Reuben, the flow'r of the
age?
r Reuben was first in the combat of men,
Though Youth had scarce written his name
on her page.

r Willumberg's daughter his bosom had
beat,
For Rose, who was bright as the spirit of
dawn,
ien with wand dropping diamonds, and sil-
very feet,
t walks o'er the flow'rs of the mountain and
lawn!



S!hall my Reuber
eyes?"—
"Yes, yes,—when
bell
Of the mouldering
rise!"

Twice, thrice he r
shall rise;"
And Rose felt a m
pain;
She wip'd, while she
her eyes,
And she hop'd she
again!

Her hero could smile a
When he felt that h

ien a sunbeam was seen to glance ever the
walls,
ınd the castle of Willumberg bask'd in the
ray!

, all but the soul of the maid was in light,
'here sorrow and terror lay gloomy and
blank:
o days did she wander, and all the long
night,
ı quest of her love, on the wide river's
bank.

, oft did she pause for the toll of the bell,
ınd she heard but the breathings of night
in the air;
ıg, long did she gaze on the watery swell,
.nd she saw but the foam of the white bil-
low there.

l often as midnight its veil would undraw,
.s she look'd at the light of the moon in the
stream,
thought 'twas his helmet of silver she saw,
.s the curl of the surge glitter'd high in the
beam.

l now the third night was begemming the
sky,
oor Rose on the cold dewy margent re-
clin'd,
re wept till the tear almost froze in her eye,
'hen,—hark!—'twas the bell that came
deep in the wind!

Was this w
told?
Dim, dim
shot a
'Twas Reub
cold,
And fleeted

Twice, thrice
thought
From the ba
ah! neve
Then springing
And sunk to r

TH

The fairest maid in Saxony,
  And take her to his bed.

As soon as morn was in the sky,
  The feast and sports began;
The men admir'd the happy maid,
  The maids the happy man.

In many a sweet device of mirth
  The day was pass'd along;
And some the featly dance amus'd,
  And some the dulcet song.

The younger maids with Isabel
  Disported through the bowers,
And deck'd her robe, and crown'd her head
  With motley bridal flowers.

The matrons all in rich attire,
  Within the castle walls,
Sat listening to the choral strains
  That echo'd through the halls.

story; I rather hope—though the manner of it leads me to doubt—that his design was to ridicule that distempered taste, which prefers those monsters of the fancy to the "speciosa miracula" of true poetic imagination.

I find, by a note in the manuscript, that he met with this story in a German author, FROMMAN *upon Fascination*, Book iii. part. vi. chap. 18. On consulting the work, I perceive that FROMMAN quotes it from BELUACENSIS, among many other stories equally diabolical and interesting. E.

to grac
Of Isabel that m

And fearing he mi
Or lose it in the
He look'd around t
Where he the rin

Now in the court a
Which there full
It was a Heathen go
Perhaps a Heathe

Upon its marble finge
He tried the ring t
And thinking it was s
Thereon he fasten'd

And now the tennis sp
Till they were wear
And messengers annou
Their dinner in the

The hand was closed upon the ring
  With firm and mighty clasp;
In vain he tried, and tried, and tried,
  He could not loose the grasp!

How sore surprised was Rupert's mind,—
  As well his mind might be;
"I'll come," quoth he, "at night again,
  "When none are here to see."

He went unto the feast, and much
  He thought upon his ring;
And much he wonder'd what could mean
  So very strange a thing!

The feast was o'er, and to the court,
  He went without delay,
Resolv'd to break the marble hand,
  And force the ring away!

But mark a stranger wonder still—
  The ring was there no more;
Yet was the marble hand ungrasp'd,
  And open as before!

He search'd the base, and all the court,
  And nothing could he find,
But to the castle did return,
  With sore bewilder'd mind.

Within he found them all in mirth,
  The night in dancing flew;
The youth another ring procur'd,
  And none the adventure knew.

And waiting for the

And Rupert, by her lov
In youthful beauty gl
Like Phœbus, when he
His beam, upon a ros

And here my song shoul
Nor let the rest be tol
But for the horrid, horric
It yet has to unfold!

Soon Rupert, 'twixt his b
A death-cold carcass fo
He saw it not, but though
Its arms embrace him rc

He started up, and then r
But found the phantom s
In vain he shrunk, it clipp
With damp and deadly ch

fated Rupert, wild and loud
Thou criedst to thy wife,
Oh! save me from this horrid fiend,
'My Isabel! my life!''

t Isabel had nothing seen,
She look'd around in vain;
d much she mourn'd the mad conceit
That rack'd her Rupert's brain.

length from this invisible
These words to Rupert came;
n God! while he did hear the words,
What terrors shook his frame!)

Husband! husband! I've the ring
Thou gav'st to-day to me;
d thou'rt to me for ever wed,
as I am wed to thee!"

d all the night the demon lay
Cold-chilling by his side,
d strain'd him with such deadly grasp,
He thought he should have died!

when the dawn of day was near,
The horrid phantom fled,
d left the affrighted youth to weep
y Isabel in bed.

all that day a gloomy cloud
Was seen on Rupert's brows;
r Isabel was likewise sad,
ut strove to cheer her spouse.

And look'd for love and

But oh! when midnight ca
The fiend was at his side
And, as it strain'd him in h
With howl exulting cried

"Husband! husband! I've
The ring thou gav'st to m
And thou'rt to me for ever
As I am wed to thee!"

In agony of wild despair,
He started from the bed;
And thus to his bewilder'd w
The trembling Rupert sai

"Oh Isabel! dost thou not s
A shape of horrors here,
That strains me to the deadly
And keeps me from my de

This night, just like the night before,
  In terrors pass'd away,
Nor did the demon vanish thence
  Before the dawn of day.

Says Rupert then, "My Isabel,
  Dear partner of my woe,
To Father Austin's holy cave
  This instant will I go."

Now Austin was a reverend man,
  Who acted wonders maint,
Whom all the country round believ'd
  A devil or a saint!

To Father Austin's holy cave
  Then Rupert went full straight,
And told him all, and ask'd him how
  To remedy his fate.

The father heard the youth, and then
  Retir'd awhile to pray;
And having pray'd for half an hour,
  Return'd and thus did say:

"There is a place where four roads meet,
  Which I will tell to thee;
Be there this eve, at fall of night,
  And list what thou shalt see.

Thou'lt see a group of figures pass
  In strange disorder'd crowd,
Trav'ling by torch-light through the roads,
  With noises strange and loud.

ve scrawl'd them with

The night-fall came, and R
In pale amazement went
To where the cross-roads m
Was by the Father sent.

And lo! a group of figures c
In strange disorder'd crow
Trav'ling by torch-light thro
With noises strange and l

And, as the gloomy train adva
Rupert beheld from far
A female form of wanton mien
Seated upon a car.

And Rupert, as he gaz'd upon
The loosely-vested dame.

He seem'd the first of all the crowd
  Terrific towering o'er;
"Yes, yes," said Rupert, "this is he,
  And I need ask no more."

Then slow he went, and to this fiend
  The tablets trembling gave,
Who look'd and read them with a yell
  That would disturb the grave.

And when he saw the blood-scrawl'd name,
  His eyes with fury shine;
"I thought," cries he, "his time was out,
  But he must soon be mine!"

Then darting at the youth a look,
  Which rent his soul with fear,
He went unto the female fiend,
  And whisper'd in her ear.

The female fiend no sooner heard,
  Than, with reluctant look,
The very ring that Rupert lost,
  She from her finger took.

And, giving it unto the youth,
  With eyes that breath'd of hell,
She said, in that tremendous voice,
  Which he remember'd well:

"In Austin's name take back the ring,
  The ring thou gav'st to me;
And thou'rt to me no longer wed,
  Nor longer I to thee."

ON THE BIRTH

WRITTEN

Of all my happiest h
And even I have h
When hearts were ful
Has kindled with th

Such hours as this I ne
So dear to friendship
Young Love himself lo
To smile on such a d

Then oh! my friends, th
Let's feel as if we ne

n that let statesmen try their pow'rs,
And tremble o'er the rights they'd die for;
he union of the soul be ours,
And ev'ry union else we sigh for!

hen, oh! my friends, this hour improve,
Let's feel as if we ne'er could sever;
nd may the birth of her we love
Be thus with joy remember'd ever!

ev'ry eye around I mark
The feelings of the heart o'erflowing,
rom ev'ry soul I catch the spark
Of sympathy, in friendship glowing!

h! could such moments ever fly;
Oh! that we ne'er were doom'd to lose 'em;
nd all as bright as Charlotte's eye,
And all as pure as Charlotte's bosom.

ut oh! my friends, this hour improve,
Let's feel as if we ne'er could sever;
nd may the birth of her we love
Be thus with joy remember'd ever!

or me, whate'er my span of years,
Whatever sun may light my roving;
hether I waste my life in tears,
Or live, as now for mirth and loving!

his day shall come with aspect kind,
Wherever fate may cast your rover;
e'll think of those he left behind,
And drink a health to bliss that's over!

Is it not sweet, belove
To rove through Eru
And cull the golden fru
And gather Fancy's l

And is it not more swee
To feel thy parent's l
And pay them back in s
The dear the endless

It must be so to thee, m
With this idea toil is l
This sweetens all the fru
And makes the flower

The little gift we send th
May sometimes teach t
If indolence, or syren joy
Should ever tempt that

RAGMENTS OF COLLEGE EXERCISES.

Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus. *Juv.*

ARK those proud boasters of splendid line,
ke gilded ruins, mouldering while they shine,
ow heavy sits that weight of alien show,
ke martial helm upon an infant's brow;
hose borrow'd splendours, whose contrasting light
rows back the native shades in deeper night,
k the proud train who glory's shade pursue.
here are the arts by which that glory grew?
e genuine virtues that with eagle gaze
ught young Renown in all her orient blaze!
here is the heart by chymic truth refin'd,
e exploring soul, whose eye had read mankind?
here are the links that twin'd with heav'nly art,
is country's interest round the patriot's heart?
here is the tongue that scatter'd words of fire?
e spirit breathing through the poet's lyre?
o these descend with all the tide of fame
hich vainly waters an unfruitful name?

* * * * * *

Approv'd by Heav'n, ordai
Where justice flies the he
And truth's pure beams
play?

Yes, there's a call sweet
To slumb'ring babes, or i
And urgent as the tongue
When the mind's balance

Oh! 'tis our country's
should meet
An echo in the soul's most
Along the heart's respondi
Nor let a tone there vibrat

SONG.

MARY, I believ'd thee tru
And I was blest in thus b

w have ever lov'd like me,—
Oh! I have lov'd thee too sincerely!
d few have e'er deceiv'd like thee,—
Alas! deceived me too severely!

re thee well! yet think awhile
On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee;
ho now would rather trust that smile,
And die with thee than live without thee!

re thee well! I'll think of thee,
Thou leav'st me many a bitter token;
r see, distracting woman! see,
My peace is gone, my heart is broken!—
Fare thee well!

SONG.

HY does azure deck the sky?
'Tis to be like thy looks of blue;
hy is red the rose's dye?
Because it is thy blushes' hue.
l that's fair, by Love's decree,
as been made resembling thee!

hy is falling snow so white,
But to be like thy bosom fair?
hy are solar beams so bright?
That they may seem thy golden hair!
l that's bright, by Love's decree,
as been made resembling thee!

MORA

A FAMILIA

ADDRESSED TO J. AT—

THOUGH long at school
On books of rhyme and
And copying from their
Fine recipes for forming
Though long with those
Who think to make us g
Who, in methodic forms a
Teaching morality like d
Tell us, for Heav'n or mo
What *steps* we are throug
Though thus, my friend, s
And so much midnight oil
I must confe

I find the doctors and the sages
Have differ'd in all climes and ages,
And two in fifty scarce agree
On what is pure morality!
'Tis like the rainbow's shifting zone,
And every vision makes its own.

The doctors of the Porch advise,
As modes of being great and wise,
That we should cease to own or know
The luxuries that from feeling flow.

"Reason alone must claim direction,
And Apathy's the soul's perfection.
Like a dull lake the heart must lie;
Nor passion's gale, nor pleasure's sigh,
Though heav'n the breeze, the breath supplied,
Must curl the wave or swell the tide!"

Such was the rigid Zeno's plan
To form his philosophic man;
Such were the modes he taught mankind
To weed the garden of the mind;
They tore away *some weeds*, 'tis true,
But all the *flow'rs* were ravish'd too!

Now listen to the wily strains,
Which, on Cyrené's sandy plains,
When pleasure, nymph with loosen'd zone,
Usurp'd the philosophic throne;
Hear what the courtly sage's* tongue
To his surrounding pupils sung:

* Aristippus.

That man might revel, free from
Then most a sage, when most er

Is this morality!—Oh, no!
E'en I a wiser path could show.
The flow'r within this vase confi
The pure, the unfading flow'r of
Must not throw all its sweets aw
Upon a mortal mould of clay;
No, no! its richest breath should
In virtue's incense to the skies!

But thus it is, all sects we see
Have watch-words of morality:
Some cry out Venus, others Jove
Here 'tis religion, there 'tis love!
But while they thus so widely we
While mystics dream, and doctor
And some, in dialectics firm,
Seek virtue in a middle term;

r could he act a purer part,
ough he had Tully all by heart;
l when he drops the tear on woe,
little knows, or cares to know
at Epictetus blam'd that tear,
Heav'n approv'd, to virtue dear!

! when I've seen the morning beam
ating within the dimpled stream;
ile Nature, wak'ning from the night,
just put on her robes of light,
re I, with cold optician's gaze,
olor'd the *doctrine* of those rays?
pedants, I have left to you,
ely to sep'rate hue from hue;
give that moment up to art,
en Heav'n and Nature claim the heart;
l dull to all their best attraction,
—measure *angles* of *refraction!*
ile I, in feeling's sweet romance,
ok on each day-beam as a glance
m the great eye of Him above,
k'ning his world with looks of love?

THE NATAL GENIUS.

A DREAM.

——, THE MORNING OF HER BIRTH-DAY.

witching slumbers of the night,
eam'd I was the airy sprite

With olive-branch I bound
Heart's ease along thy path
  Which was to bloom thro
Nor yet did I forget to bind
Love's roses, with his myrtl
  And dew'd by sympathetic

Such was the wild but preci
Which Fancy, at her magic
  Bade me to Nona's image
Oh! were I, love, thus doom'
Thy little guardian deity,
  How blest around thy steps

Thy life should softly steal alc
Calm as some lonely shepher
  That's heard at distance in
No cloud should ever shade th
No thorns along thy pathway
  But all be sunshine, peace,

The wing of

THE SALE OF LOVES.*

REAM'D that in the Paphian groves,
My nets by moonlight laying,
aught a flight of wanton Loves,
Among the rose-beds playing.
ne just had left their silv'ry shell,
While some were full in feather;
pretty a lot of Loves to sell
Were never yet strung together.
Come buy my Loves,
Come buy my Loves,
'e dames and rose-lipp'd misses!
They're new and bright,
The cost is light,
'or the coin of this Isle is kisses.

st Cloris came, with looks sedate,
'he coin on her lips was ready:
buy," quoth she, "my love by weight,
'ull grown, if you please, and steady."
et mine be light," said Fanny, "pray,–
uch lasting toys undo one,
ght little Love that will last a day,
'o-morrow I'll sport a new one."
Come buy my Loves,
Come buy my Loves,

The subject of this Air was suggested by an Alle-
Movement of Beethoven's, and the idea of the
ls is taken from a French Poem, called "Marché
'ythère."

To divert her virgin Muse with,
And pluck sometimes a quill from his
To indite her billet-doux with.
Poor Chloe would give for a well-fled
Her only eye if you'd ask it;
And Tabitha begg'd, old toothless fai
For the youngest Love in the bask
Come buy my Loves, &c. &c.

But *one* was left when Susan came,
One worth them all together;
At sight of her dear looks of shame,
He smil'd and prun'd his feather.
She wish'd the boy—'twas more than
Her looks, her sighs betray'd it;
But kisses were not enough for him,
I ask'd a heart, and—she paid it!
Good bye, my Loves,
Good bye, my Loves,—
'Twould make you smile to've seen
First trade for this

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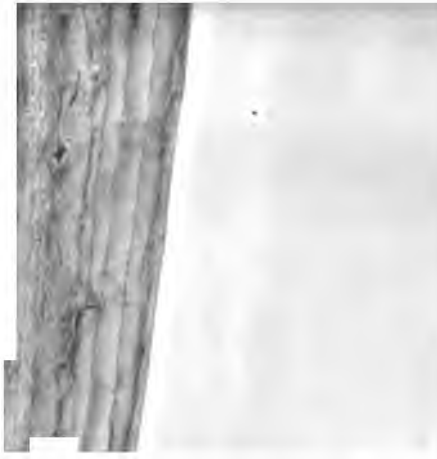

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